6

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

John Bolton 6

A POEM,

In Three Parts.

——Antiquam exquirite matrem.
Et vera, Incessu, patuit Dea.——
Virg.

Licensed, April 11. 1687.

Dublin, *Reprinted by* Andrew Crook *and Samuel Helsham* on Ormond-Key. 1687.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

A POEM,

In Three Parts.

Antiquam exquirite matrem. } Virg.
Et vera, Incessu, patuit Dea. }

Licensed, April 11. 1687.

Dublin, Reprinted by Andrew Crook and Samuel Helsham on Ormond-Key. 1687.

TO THE READER.

THE Nation is in too high a Ferment, for me to expect either fair War, or even so much as fair Quarter from a Reader of the opposite party. All men are engag'd either on this side or that: and tho Conscience is the common Word, which is given by both, yet if a Writer fall among enemies, and cannot give the marks of their Conscience, he is knock'd down before the Reasons of his own are heard. A Preface, therefore, which is but a bespeaking of Favour, is altogether useless. What I desire the Reader should know concerning me, he will find in the Body of the Poem, if he have but the patience to peruse it. Only this Advertisement let him take before hand, which relates to the merits of the Cause. No general Characters of Parties, (call 'em either Sects or Churches) can be so fully and exactly drawn, as to comprehend all the several members of 'em, at least all such as are receiv'd under that denomination. For example; there are some of the Church by Law establish'd, who envy not Liberty of Conscience to Dissenters; as being well satisfied that, according to their own Principles, they ought not to persecute them. Yet these, by reason of their fewness, I could not distinguish from the numbers of the rest with whom they are Embodied in one common name: On the other side there are many of our Sects, and more indeed than I could reasonably have hop'd, who have without-doors themselves from the Communion of the Panther, and embrac'd this Gracious Indulgence of His Majesty in point of Toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of these is this Satyr any way intended: 'tis aim'd only at the refractory and disobedient on either side. For those who are come over to the Royal Party, are consequently suppos'd to be out of Gunshot. Our Physicians have observ'd, that in process of time, some Diseases have abated of their Virulence, and have in a manner worn out their malignity, so as to be no longer mortal: And why may not I suppose the same concerning some of those who have formerly been Enemies to Kingly Government, as well as Catholick Religion? I hope they have now another Notion of both, as having found, by comfortable Experience, that the Doctrine of Resistance is far from being an Article of our Faith.

To the Reader.

'Tis not for any private man to cenſure the Proceedings of a Foreign Prince: but, without ſuſpicion of Flattery, I may praiſe our own, who has taken contrary Meaſures, and thoſe more ſuitable to the ſpirit of Chriſtianity. Some of the Diſſenters in their Addreſſes to His Majeſty have ſaid, That he has reſtor'd God to his Empire over Conſcience: I confeſs I dare not ſtretch the Figure to ſo great a boldneſs: but I may ſafely ſay, that Conſcience is the Royalty and Prerogative of every private man. He is abſolute in his own breaſt, and accountable to no earthly Power, for that which paſſes only betwixt God and Him. Thoſe who are driven into the Fold are, generally ſpeaking, rather made Hypocrites then Converts.

This Indulgence being granted to all the Sects, it ought in reaſon to be expected, that they ſhould both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For at this time of day to refuſe the Benefit, and adhere to thoſe whom they have eſteem'd their Perſecutors, what is it elſe, but publickly to own that they ſuffer'd not before for Conſcience ſake; but only out of pride and obſtinacy to ſeparate from a Church for thoſe Impoſitions, which they now judge may be lawfully obey'd? After they have ſo long contended for their Claſſical Ordination, (not to ſpeak of Rites and Ceremonies) will they at length ſubmit to an Epiſcopal? if they can go ſo far out of Complaiſance to their old enemies, methinks a little reaſon ſhould perſwade 'em to take another ſtep, and ſee whether that wou'd lead 'em.

Of the receiving this Toleration thankfully, I ſhall ſay no more, than that they ought, and I doubt not they will conſider from what hands they receiv'd it. 'Tis not from a Cyrus, an Heathen Prince, and a Forreigner, but from a Chriſtian King, their Native Sovereign: who expects a Return in Specie from them; that the kindneſs which He has graciouſly ſhewn them, may be retaliated on thoſe of his own perſwaſion.

As for the Poem in general, I will only thus far ſatisfie the Reader: That it was neither impos'd on me, nor ſo much as the Subject given me by any man. It was written during the laſt Winter, and the beginning of this Spring; though with long interruptions of ill health, and other hindrances. About a Fortnight before I had finiſhed it, His Majeſties Declaration for Liberty of Conſcience came abroad: which, if I had ſo ſoon expected, I might have ſpar'd my ſelf the labour of writing many things which are contain'd in the third part of it. But I was always in ſome hope, that the Church of England might have been perſwaded to have taken off the Penal Laws and the Teſt, which was one Deſign of the Poem, when I propos'd to my ſelf the writing of it.

To the Reader.

'Tis evident that ſome part of it was only occaſional, and not firſt intended. I mean that defence of my ſelf, to which every honeſt man is bound, when he is injuriouſly attacqu'd in Print: and I refer my ſelf to the judgment of thoſe who have read the Anſwer to the Defence of the late Kings Papers, *and that of the* Dutcheſs, *(in which laſt I was concerned) how charitably I have been repreſented there. I am now informed both of the Author and Superviſers of his Pamphlet: and will reply when I think he can affront me: for I am of* Socrates's *Opinion, that all Creatures cannot. In the mean time let him conſider, whether he deſerved not a more ſevere reprehenſion then I gave him formerly; for uſing ſo little reſpect to the Memory of thoſe whom he pretended to anſwer: and, at his leiſure, look out for ſome Original Treatiſe of Humility, written by any Proteſtant in Engliſh, (I believe I may ſay in any other Tongue:) for the magnified Piece of* Duncomb *on that Subject, which either he muſt mean, or none, and with which another of his Fellows has upbraided me, was Tranſlated from the Spaniſh of* Rodriguez: *tho with the omiſſion of the 17th, the 24th. the 25th, and the laſt Chapter, which will be found in comparing of the Books.*

He would have inſinuated to the world, that Her late Highneſs died not a Roman Catholick: He declares himſelf to be now ſatisfied to the contrary; in which he has given up the Cauſe: for matter of Fact was the Principal Debate betwixt us. In the mean time he would diſpute the Motives of her Change: how prepoſterouſly, let all men judge, when he ſeemed to deny the Subject of the Controverſy, the Change it ſelf. And becauſe I would not take up this ridiculous Challenge, he tells the World I cannot argue: but he may as well infer that a Catholick cannot faſt, becauſe he will not take up the Cudgels againſt Mrs. James, *to confute the Proteſtant Religion.*

I have but one word more to ſay concerning the Poem as ſuch, and abſtracting from the Matters either Religious or Civil which are handled in it. The First Part, *conſiſting moſt in general Characters and Narration, I have endeavoured to raiſe, and give it the Majeſtick Turn of Heroick Poeſie. The* Second, *being Matter of Diſpute, and chiefly concerning Church Authority, I was obliged to make as plain and perſpicuous as poſſibly I could. Yet not wholly neglecting the Numbers, though I had not frequent occaſions for the Magnificence of Verſe. The* Third, *which has more of the Nature of Domeſtick Converſation, is, or ought to be more free and familiar than than the two former.*

There

To the Reader.

There are in it two Episodes, *or Fables, which are interwoven with the main Design; so that they are properly parts of it, though they are also distinct Stories of themselves. In both of these I have made use of the Common Places of Satyr, whether true or false, which are urg'd by the Members of the one Church against the other. At which, I hope, no* Reader *of either Party will be scandaliz'd; because they are not of my Invention: but as old to my knowledge, as the Times of* Boccace *and* Chaucer *on the one side, and as those of the Reformation on the other.*

THE

The Hind and the Panther.

A Milk white *Hind*, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forrest rang'd;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet had she oft been chas'd with horns and hounds,
And Scythian shafts; and many winged wounds
Aim'd at Her heart; was often forc'd to fly,
And doom'd to death, though fated not to dy.

Not so her young, for their unequal line
Was Heroe's make, half humane, half divine:
Their earthly mold obnoxious was to fate,
Th' immortal part assum'd immortal state.
Of these a slaughtered army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the *Caledonian* wood,
Their native walk; whose vocal blood arose,
And cry'd for pardon on their perjur'd foes;
Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguin seed
Endu'd with souls, encreas'd the sacred breed.
So Captive *Israel* multiply'd in chains
A numerous Exile, and enjoy'd her pains.
With grief and gladness mixt, their mother view'd
Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd;
Their corps to perish, but their kind to last,
So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpass'd.

Panting and pensive now she rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the Kingdoms, once her own.
The common Plant, though from their rage restrain'd
By sov'reign pow'r, her company disdain'd,
Grin'd as They pass'd, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.
'Tis true, she bounded by, and trip'd so light
They had not time to take a steady sight.
For truth has such a face and such a meen
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.

The bloudy *Bear* an *Independent* beast,
Unlick'd to form, in grounds her hate express'd:

Among

Among the timorous kind the *Quaking Hare*
Profess'd neutrality, but would not swear.
Next her the *Buffoon Ape*, as Atheists use,
Mimick't all Sects, and had his own to chuse:
Still when the Lion look'd, his knees he bent,
And paid at Church a Courtier's Complement.

The bristl'd *Baptist Boar*, impure as He,
(But whiten'd with the foam of sanctity)
With fat pollutions fill'd the sacred place,
And mountains levell'd in his furious race,
So first Rebellion founded was in grace.
But since the mighty ravage which he made
In *German* Forests, had his guilt betraid,
With broken tusks, and with a borrow'd name
He shun'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the shame;
So lurk'd in Sects unseen. With greater guile
False *Reynard* fed on consecrated spoil:
The graceless beast by *Athanasius* first
Was chas'd from *Nice*; then by *Socinus* nurs'd
His impious race their blasphemy renew'd,
And natures King through natures opticks view'd.
Revers'd they view'd him lessen'd to their eye,
Nor in an Infant could a God descry:
New swarming Sects to this obliquely tend,
Hence they began, and here they all will end.

What weight of ancient witness can prevail
If private reason hold the publick scale?
But, gracious God, how well dost thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring Guide!
Thy throne is darkness in th'abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight;
O teach me to believe Thee thus conceal'd,
And search no farther than thy self reveal'd;
But her alone for my Director take
Whom thou hast promis'd never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires,
My manhood, long misled by wandring fires,
Follow'd false lights; and when their glimps was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I, such by nature still I am,
Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame.

Good

Good life be now my task: my doubts are done,
(What more could fright my faith, than Three in one?)
Can I believe eternal God could lye
Diſguis'd in mortal mold and infancy?
That the great maker of the world could dye?
And after that, truſt my imperfect ſenſe
Which calls in queſtion his omnipotence?
Can I my reaſon to my faith compell,
And ſhall my ſight, and touch, and taſte rebell?
Superiour faculties are ſet aſide,
Shall their ſubſervient organs be my guide?
Then let the moon uſurp the rule of day,
And winking tapers ſhew the ſun his way;
For what my ſenſes can themſelves perceive
I need no revelation to believe.
Can they who ſay the Hoſt ſhould be deſcry'd
By ſenſe, define a body glorify'd?
Impaſſible, and penetrating parts?
Let them declare by what myſterious arts
He ſhot that body through th' oppoſing might
Of bolts and barrs impervious to the light,
And ſtood before his train confeſs'd in open ſight.
For ſince thus wondrouſly he paſs'd, 'tis plain
One ſingle place two bodies did contain,
And ſure the ſame omnipotence as well
Can make one body in more places dwell.
Let reaſon then at Her own quarry fly,
But how can finite graſp infinity?
'Tis urg'd again that faith did firſt commence
By miracles, which are appeals to ſenſe,
And thence concluded that our ſenſe muſt be
The motive ſtill of credibility.
For latter ages muſt on former wait
And what began belief, muſt propagate.
But winnow well this thought, and you ſhall find,
'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.
Were all thoſe wonders wrought by pow'r divine
As means or ends of ſome more deep deſign?
Moſt ſure as means, whoſe end was this alone,
To prove the god-head of th' eternal Son.
God thus aſſerted man is to believe
Beyond what ſenſe and reaſon can conceive.

And for myſterious things of faith rely
On the Proponent, heav'ns authority.
If then our faith we for our guide admit,
Vain is the farther ſearch of humane wit,
As when the building gains a ſurer ſtay,
We take th'unuſeful ſcaffolding away:
Reaſon by ſenſe no more can underſtand,
The game is plaid into another hand.
Why chuſe we then like *Bilanders* to creep
Along the coaſt, and land in view to keep,
When ſafely we may launch into the deep?
In the ſame Veſſel which our Saviour bore
Himſelf the Pilot, let us leave the ſhore,
And with a better guide a better world explore.
Could He his god-head veil with fleſh and bloud
And not veil theſe again to be our food?
His grace in both is equal in extent,
The firſt affords us life, the ſecond nouriſhment.
And if he can, why all this frantick pain
To conſtrue what his cleareſt words contain,
And make a riddle what He made ſo plain?
To take up half on truſt, and half to try,
Name it not faith, but bungling biggottry.
Both knave and fool the Merchant we may call
To pay great ſumms, and to compound the ſmall. (all?
For who wou'd break with heav'n, & wou'd not break for
Reſt then, my ſoul, from endleſs anguiſh freed;
Nor ſciences thy guide, nor ſenſe thy creed.
Faith is the beſt enſurer of thy bliſs;
The bank above muſt fail before the venture miſs.
But heav'n and heav'n-born faith are far from Thee
Thou firſt Apoſtate to Divinity.
Unkennel'd range in thy *Polonian* Plains;
A fiercer foe th' infatiate *Wolf* remains.

Too boaſtful *Britain* pleaſe thy ſelf no more,
That beaſts of prey are baniſh'd from thy ſhore:
The *Bear*, the *Boar*, and ἄαθεά ſalvage name,
Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,
Lay waſte thy woods, deſtroy thy bliſsful bow'r,
And muzl'd though they ſeem, the mutes devour.

More

More haughty than the reſt the *wolfiſh* race,
Appear with belly gaunt, and famiſh'd face:
Never was ſo deform'd a beaſt of Grace.
His ragged tail betwixt his leggs he wears
Cloſe clap'd for ſhame, but his rough creſt he rears,
And pricks up his predeſtinating ears.
His wild diſorder'd walk, his hagger'd eyes,
Did all the beſtial Citizens ſurprize.
Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd awhile
As Captain or Companion of the ſpoil.
Full many a year his hateful head had been
For tribute paid, nor ſince in *Cambria* ſeen:
The laſt of all the litter ſcap'd by chance,
And from *Geneva* firſt infeſted *France*.
Some Authors thus his pedigree will trace,
But others write him of an upſtart race:
Becauſe of *Wickliff*'s brood no mark he brings
But his innate antipathy to Kings.
Theſe laſt deduce him from th' *Helvetian* kind,
Who near the *Lemnian lake* his Conſort lin'd.
That fi'ry *Zuynglius* firſt th' affection bread,
And meagre *Calvin* bleſt the nuptial bed.
In *Iſrael* ſome believe him whelp'd long ſince
When the proud *Sanhedrim* oppreſt the Prince:
Or, ſince he will be *Jew*, derive him high'r
When *Corah* with his brethren did conſpire,
From *Moyſes* hand the ſov'reign ſway to wreſt,
And *Aaron* of his Ephod to deveſt:
Till opening earth made way for all to paſs,
And cou'd not bear the burd'n of a *claſs*.
The *Fox* and he came ſhuffl'd in the dark,
If ever they were ſtow'd in *Noah*'s ark:
Perhaps not made; for all their barking train
The Dog (a common ſpecies) will contain.
And ſome wild currs, who from their maſters ran
Abhorring the ſupremacy of man,
In woods and caves the rebel-race began.

Vid. Pref. to Heyl. *Hiſt. of Presb.*

O happy pair, how well have you increas'd,
What ills in Church and State have you redreſs'd!
With teeth untry'd, and rudiments of claws
Your firſt eſſay was on your native laws:

Thoſe having torn with eaſe, and trampl'd down
Your Fangs you faſtn'd on the miter'd crown,
And freed from God and monarchy your town.
What though your native kennel ſtill be ſmall
Bounded betwixt a puddle and a wall,
Yet your victorious colonies are ſent
Where the north ocean girds the continent:
Quickn'd with fire below your monſters breed,
In Fenny *Holland* and in fruitful *Tweed.*
And like the firſt the laſt affects to be
Drawn to the dreggs of a Democracy.
As where in fields the fairy rounds are ſeen,
A rank ſow'r herbage riſes on the green,
So, ſpringing where theſe midnight Elves advance,
Rebellion prints the footſteps of the Dance.
Such are their doctrines, ſuch contempt they ſhow
To heav'n above, and to their Prince below,
As none but Trayters and Blaſphemers know.
God, like the Tyrant of the skies is plac'd,
And kings like ſlaves beneath the crowd debas'd.
So fulſome is their food, that flocks refuſe
To bite, and only dogs for Phyſick uſe.
As where the lightning runs along the ground,
No husbandry can heal the blaſting wound,
Nor bladed graſs, nor bearded corn ſucceeds,
But ſcales of ſcurf, and putrefaction breeds:
Such wars, ſuch waſte, ſuch fiery tracks of dearth
Their zeal has left, and ſuch a teemleſs earth
But as the Poiſons of the deadlieſt kind
Are to their own unhappy coaſts confin'd,
As only *Indian* ſhades of light deprive,
And magick plants will but in *Colchos* thrive,
So Presby'try and peſtilential zeal
Can only flouriſh in a common-weal.
From *Celtique* woods is chas'd the *wolfiſh* crew;
But ah! ſome pitty e'en to brutes is due:
Their native walks, methinks, they might enjoy
Curb'd of their native malice to deſtroy.
Of all the tyrannies on humane kind
The worſt is that which perſecutes the mind.
Let us but weigh at what offence we ſtrike,
'Tis but becauſe we cannot think alike.

In

In puniſhing of this, we overthrow
The laws of nations and of nature too.
Beaſts are the ſubjects of tyrannick ſway,
Where ſtill the ſtronger on the weaker prey.
Man only of a ſofter mold is made;
Not for his fellows ruine, but their aid.
Created kind, beneficent and free,
The noble Image of the Deity.

One portion of informing fire was giv'n
To brutes, th' inferiour family of heav'n:
The Smith divine, as with a careleſs beat,
Struck out the mute creation at a heat:
But, when arriv'd at laſt to humane race,
The God-head took a deep conſid'ring space:
And, to diſtinguiſh man from all the reſt,
Unlock'd the ſacred treaſures of his breaſt:
And mercy mix'd with reaſon did impart;
One to his head, the other to his heart:
Reaſon to rule, but mercy to forgive:
The firſt is law, the laſt prerogative.
And like his mind his outward form appear'd:
When iſſuing naked, to the wondring herd
He charm'd their eyes, and for they lov'd, they fear'd.
Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might,
Or claws to ſeize their furry ſpoils in fight,
Or with increaſe of feet t'o'ertake'em in their flight
Of caſie ſhape, and pliant ev'ry way;
Confeſſing ſtill the ſoftneſs of his clay,
And kind as kings upon their coronation day:
With open hands, and with extended ſpace
Of arms, to ſatisfie a large embrace.
Thus kneaded up with milk, the new made man
His Kingdom o'er his kindred world began:
Till knowledge miſapply'd, miſunderſtood,
And pride of Empire ſour'd his balmy bloud.
Then, firſt rebelling, his own ſtamp he coyns;
The murth'rer *Cain* was latent in his loyns,
And bloud began its firſt and loudeſt cry
For diff'ring worſhip of the Deity.
Thus perſecution roſe, and farther ſpace
Produc'd the mighty hunter of his race.

Not

Not ſo the bleſſed *Pan* his Flock encreas'd,
Content to fold 'em from the famiſh'd beaſt:
Mild were his laws; the Sheep and harmleſs Hind
Were never of the perſecuting kind.
Such pity now the pious Paſtor ſhows,
Such mercy from the *Britiſh* Lion flows,
That both provide protection for their foes.

Oh happy Regions, *Italy* and *Spain*,
Which never did thoſe monſters entertain!
The *Wolf*, the *Bear*, the *Boar*, can there advance
No native claim of juſt inheritance.
And ſelf-preſerving laws, ſevere in ſhow,
May guard their fences from th'invading foe.
Where birth has plac'd 'em let 'em ſafely ſhare
The common benefit of vital air.
Themſelves unharmful, let them live unharm'd;
Their jaws disabl'd, and their claws diſarm'd:
Here, only in nocturnal howlings bold,
They dare not ſeize the Hind, nor leap the fold:
More pow'rful, and as vigilant as they,
The *Lion* awfully forbids the prey.
Their rage repreſs'd, though pinch'd with famine ſore,
They ſtand aloof, and tremble at his roar;
Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.
Theſe are the chief; to number o'er the reſt,
And ſtand, like *Adam*, naming ev'ry beaſt,
Were weary work; nor will the Muſe deſcribe
A ſlimy-born and ſun-begotten Tribe:
Who, far from ſteeples and their ſacred ſound,
In fields their ſullen conventicles found:
Theſe groſs, half-animated lumps I leave;
Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive.
But if they think at all, 'tis ſure no high'r
Than matter, put in motion, may aſpire.
Souls that can ſcarce ferment their maſs of clay;
So droſſy, ſo diviſible are They,
As wou'd but ſerve pure bodies for allay:
Such ſouls as *Shards* produce, ſuch beetle things
As only buz to heav'n with ev'ning wings;
Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,
Such are the blind-fold blows of ignorance.

They

They know not beings, and but hate a name,
To them the *Hind* and *Panther* are the ſame.
The *Panther* ſure the nobleſt, next the *Hind*,
And faireſt creature of the ſpotted kind;
Oh, could her in-born ſtains be waſh'd away,
She were too good to be a beaſt of Prey!
How can I praiſe, or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend!
Her faults and vertues lye ſo mix'd, that ſhe
Nor wholly ſtands condemn'd, nor wholly free.
Then, like her injur'd *Lion*, let me ſpeak,
He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
Unkind already, and eſtrang'd in part,
The *Wolf* begins to ſhare her wandring heart.
Though unpolluted, yet with actual ill,
She half commits, who ſins but in her will.
If, as our dreaming *Platoniſts* report,
There could be ſpirits of a middle ſort,
Too black for heav'n, and yet too white for hell,
Who juſt dropt half way down, nor lower fell;
So pois'd, ſo gently ſhe deſcends from high,
It ſeems a ſoft diſmiſſion from the sky.
Her houſe not ancient, whatſoe'er pretence
Her clergy Heraulds make in her defence.
A ſecond century not half way run
Since the new honours of her blood begun.
A *Lion* old, obſcene, and furious made
By luſt, compreſs'd her mother in a ſhade.
Then, by a left-hand marr'age weds the Dame,
Cov'ring adult'ry with a ſpecious name:
So ſchiſm begot; and ſacriledge and ſhe,
A well-match'd pair, got graceleſs hereſie.
God's and Kings rebels have the ſame good cauſe,
To trample down divine and humane laws:
Both wou'd be call'd Reformers, and their hate,
Alike deſtructive both to Church and State:
The fruit proclaims the plant; a lawleſs Prince
By luxury reform'd incontinence,
By ruins, charity; by riots, abſtinence.
Confeſſions, faſts and penance ſet aſide;
Oh with what eaſe we follow ſuch a guide!
Where ſouls are ſtarv'd, and ſenſes gratify'd.

Where

Where marr'age pleaſures, midnight pray'r ſupply,
And mattin bells (a melancholy cry)
Are turn'd to merrier notes, *encreaſe* and *multiply*.
Religion ſhews a Roſie colour'd face;
Not hatter'd out with drudging works of grace,
A down-hill Reformation rolls apace.
What fleſh and blood wou'd croud the narrow gate,
Or, till they waſt their pamper'd paunches, wait?
All wou'd be happy at the cheapeſt rate.

Though our lean faith theſe rigid laws has giv'n,
The full fed *Muſulman* goes fat to heav'n;
For his *Arabian* Prophet with delights
Of ſenſe, allur'd his eaſtern Proſelytes.
The jolly *Luther*, reading him, began
T'interpret Scriptures by his *Alcoran*;
To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet,
And make the paths of *Paradiſe* more ſweet:
Bethought him of a Wife e'er half way gone,
(For 'twas uneaſy travelling alone;)
And in this maſquerade of mirth and love,
Miſtook the bliſs of heav'n for *Bacchanals* above.
Sure he preſum'd of praiſe, who came to ſtock
Th'etherial paſtures with ſo fair a flock,
Burniſh'd, and bat'ning on their food, to ſhow
The diligence of careful herds below.

Our *Panther*, though like theſe ſhe chang'd her head,
Yet, as the miſtreſs of a Monarch's bed,
Her front erect with majeſty ſhe bore,
The Crozier weilded, and the Miter wore.
Her upper part of decent diſcipline
Shew'd affectation of an ancient line:
And fathers, councils, church and churches head,
Were on her reverend *Phylacteries* read.
But what diſgrac'd and diſavow'd the reſt,
Was *Calvin*'s brand, that ſtigmatiz'd the beaſt.
Thus, like a creature of a double kind,
In her own labyrinth ſhe lives confin'd.
To foreign lands no ſound of Her is come,
Humbly content to be deſpis'd at home.
Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,
At leaſt ſhe leaves the refuſe of the bad.

Nice

Nice in her choice of ill, though not of beſt,
And leaſt deform'd, becauſe reform'd the leaſt.
In doubtful points betwixt her diff'ring friends,
Where one for ſubſtance, one for ſign contends,
Their contradicting terms ſhe ſtrives to join,
Sign ſhall be ſubſtance, ſubſtance ſhall be ſign.
A real preſence all her ſons allow,
And yet 'tis flat Idolatry to bow,
Becauſe the God-head's there they know not how.
Her Novices are taught that bread and wine
Are but the viſible and outward ſign
Receiv'd by thoſe who in communion join.
But th'inward grace, or the thing ſignify'd,
His bloud and body, who to ſave us dy'd;
The faithful this thing ſignify'd receive.
What is't thoſe faithful then partake or leave?
For what is ſignify'd and underſtood,
Is, by her own confeſſion, fleſh and bloud.
Then, by the ſame acknowledgment, we know
They take the ſign, and take the ſubſtance too.
The lit'ral ſenſe is hard to fleſh and blood,
But nonſenſe never can be underſtood.
Her wild belief on ev'ry wave is toſt,
But ſure no church can better morals boaſt.
True to her king her principles are found;
Oh that her practice were but half ſo ſound!
Stedfaſt in various turns of ſtate ſhe ſtood,
And ſeal'd her vow'd affection with her bloud;
Nor will I meanly tax her conſtancy,
That int'reſt or obligement made the tye,
(Bound to the fate of murder'd Monarchy:)
(Before the ſounding Ax ſo falls the Vine,
Whoſe tender branches round the Poplar twine)
She choſe her ruine, and reſign'd her life,
In death undaunted as an *Indian* wife:
A rare example: but ſome ſouls we ſee
Grow hard, and ſtiffen with adverſity:
Yet theſe by fortunes favours are undone,
Reſolv'd into a baſer form they run,
And bore the wind, but cannot bear the ſun.
Let this be natures frailty or her fate,
Or * *Iſgrim*'s counſel, her new choſen mate;

* *The wolf.*

Still ſhe's the faireſt of the fallen crew,
No mother more indulgent but the true.
Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
Becauſe ſhe wants innate auctority;
For how can ſhe conſtrain them to obey
Who has her ſelf caſt off the lawful ſway?
Rebellion equals all, and thoſe who toil
In common theft, will ſhare the common ſpoil.
Let her produce the title and the right
Againſt her old ſuperiors firſt to fight;
If ſhe reform by Text, ev'n that's as plain
For her own Rebels to reform again.
As long as words a diff'rent ſenſe will bear,
And each may be his own Interpreter,
Our ai'ry faith will no foundation find
The word's a weathercock for ev'ry wind:
The *Bear*, the *Fox*, the *Wolf*, by turns prevail,
The moſt in pow'r ſupplies the preſent gale.
The wretched *Panther* crys aloud for aid
To church and councils, whom ſhe firſt betraid;
No help from Fathers or traditions train,
Thoſe ancient guides ſhe taught us to diſdain.
And by that Scripture which ſhe once abus'd
To Reformation, ſtands her ſelf accus'd.
What bills for breach of laws can ſhe prefer,
Expounding which ſhe owns her ſelf may err?
And, after all her winding ways are try'd,
If doubts ariſe ſhe ſlips her ſelf aſide,
And leaves the private conſcience for the guide.
If then that conſcience ſet th' offender free,
It barrs her claim to church auctority.
How can ſhe cenſure, or what crime pretend,
But Scripture may be conſtru'd to defend?
Ev'n thoſe whom for rebellion ſhe tranſmits
To civil pow'r, her doctrine firſt acquits;
Becauſe no diſobedience can enſue,
Where no ſubmiſſion to a Judge is due.
Each judging for himſelf, by her conſent,
Whom thus abſolv'd ſhe ſends to puniſhment.
Suppoſe the Magiſtrate revenge her cauſe,
'Tis only for tranſgreſſing humane laws.

How

How anſw'ring to its end a church is made,
Whoſe pow'r is but to counſel and perſuade:
O ſolid rock, on which ſecure ſhe ſtands!
Eternal houſe, not built with mortal hands!
O ſure defence againſt th'infernal gate,
A patent during pleaſure of the ſtate!

Thus is the *Panther* neither lov'd nor fear'd,
A meer mock queen of a divided Herd;
Whom ſoon by lawful pow'r ſhe might controll,
Her ſelf a part ſubmitted to the whole.
Then, as the Moon who firſt receives the light
By which ſhe makes our nether regions bright,
So might ſhe ſhine, reflecting from afar
The rays ſhe borrow'd from a better ſtar:
Big with the beams which from her mother flow
And reigning o'er the riſing tides below:
Now, mixing with a ſalvage croud, ſhe goes
And meanly flatters her invet'rate foes.
Rul'd while ſhe rules, and loſing ev'ry hour
Her wretched remnants of precarious pow'r.
One evening while the cooler ſhade ſhe ſought,
Revolving many a melancholy thought,
Alone ſhe walk'd, and look'd around in vain,
With ruful viſage for her vaniſh'd train:
None of her ſylvan ſubjects made their court;
Levees and couchees paſs'd without reſort.
So hardly can Uſurpers manage well
Thoſe, whom they firſt inſtructed to rebel:
More liberty begets deſire of more,
The hunger ſtill encreaſes with the ſtore.
Without reſpect they brush'd along the wood
Each in his clan, and fill'd with loathſome food
Ask'd no permiſſion to the neighb'ring flood.
The *Panther* full of inward diſcontent
Since they wou'd go, before 'em wiſely went:
Supplying want of pow'r by drinking firſt,
As if ſhe gave 'em leave to quench their thirſt.
Among the reſt, the *Hind*, with fearful face
Beheld from far the common watering place,
Nor durſt approach; 'till with an awful roar
The ſovereign *Lion* bad her fear no more.

Encourag'd thus ſhe brought her younglings nigh,
Watching the motions of her Patron's eye,
And drank a ſober draught; the reſt amaz'd
Stood mutely ſtill, and on the ſtranger gaz'd:
Survey'd her part by part, and ſought to find
The ten-horn'd monſter in the harmleſs *Hind*,
Such as the *Wolfe* and *Panther* had deſign'd.
They thought at firſt they dream'd, for 'twas offence
With them, to queſtion certitude of ſenſe,
Theire guide in faith; but nearer when thay drew,
And had the faultleſs object full in view,
Lord, how they all admir'd her heav'nly hiew!
Some, who before her fellowſhip diſdain'd,
Scarce, and but ſcarce, from in-born rage reſtrain'd,
Now friſk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd.
Whether for love or int'reſt, ev'ry ſect
Of all the ſalvage nation ſhew'd reſpect:
The Vice-roy *Panther* could not awe the herd,
The more the company the leſs they fear'd.
The ſurly *Wolfe* with ſecret envy burſt,
Yet cou'd not howl, the Hind had ſeen him firſt:
But what he durſt not ſpeak, the *Panther* durſt.
For when the Herd ſuffis'd did late repair
To ferny heaths, and to their foreſt lare.
She made a mannerly excuſe to ſtay,
Proff'ring the *Hind* to wait her half the way:
That ſince the sky was clear, an hour of talk,
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
With much good-will the motion was embrac'd,
To chat a while on their adventures paſs'd:
Nor had the gratefull *Hind* ſo ſoon forgot
Her friend and fellow-ſuff'rer in the plot.
Yet wondring how of late ſhe grew eſtrang'd,
Her forehead cloud:, and her count'nance chang'd,
She thought this hour th' occaſion would preſent
To learn her ſecret cauſe of diſcontent,
Which, well ſhe hop'd, might be with eaſe redreſs'd,
Conſid'ring Her a well-bred civil beaſt,
And more a Gentlewoman than the reſt.
After ſome common talk what rumoers ran,
The Lady of the ſpotted-muff began.

THE

The Hind and the Panther.

The Second Part,

DAME, ſaid the *Panther*, times are mended well
Since late among the *Philiſtines* you fell,
The toils were pitch'd, a ſpacious tract of ground
With expert hunts-men was encompaſs'd round;
Th' Encloſure narrow'd; the ſagacious pow'r
Of hounds and death, drew nearer ev'ry hour.
'Tis true, the younger *Lyon* ſcap'd the ſnare,
But all your prieſtly calves lay ſtrugling there;
As ſacrifices on their Altars laid;
While you their careful mothe wiſely fled
Not truſting deſtiny to ſave your head.
For, what e'er promiſes you have apply'd
To your unfailing church, the ſurer ſide
Is four fair leggs in danger to provide.
And what e'en tales of *Peter*'s chair you tell
Yet, ſaving reverence of the miracle,
The better luck was yours to 'ſcape ſo well.
As I remember, ſaid the ſober *Hind*,
Thoſe toils were for your own dear ſelf deſign'd,
A well as me; and, with the ſelf ſame throw,
To catch the quarry, and the vermin too,
(Forgive the ſland'rous tongues that call'd you ſo.
How e'er you take it now, the common cry
Then ran you down for your rank loyalty;
Beſides, in Popery they thought you nurſt,
(As evil tongues will ever ſpeak the worſt,)
Becauſe ſome forms, and ceremonies ſome
You kept, and ſtood in the main queſtion dumb.
Dumb you were born indeed, but thinking long
The Teſt it ſeems at laſt has loos't your tongue.
And, to explain what your forefathers meant,
By real preſence in the ſacrament,
(After long fencing puſh'd, againſt a wall,)
Your *ſalvo* comes, that he's not there at all:
There chang'd your faith, and what may chaneg may fall

Who

Who can believe what varies every day,
Nor ever was, nor will be at a ſtay?
Tortures may force the tongue untruths to tell,
And I ne'er own'd my ſelf infallible,
Reply'd the *Panther*; grant ſuch preſence were,
Yet in your ſenſe I never own'd it there.
A real *vertue* we by faith receive,
And that we in the ſacrament believe.
Then ſaid the *Hind*, as you the matter ſtate
Not only *Jeſuits* can equivocate.
For *real*, as you now the word expound,
From ſolid ſubſtance dwindles to a ſound.
Methinks an *Æſop*'s fable you repeat,
You know who took the ſhadow for the meat:
Your Churches ſubſtance thus you change at will,
And yet retain your former figure ſtill.
I freely grant you ſpoke to ſave your life,
For then you lay beneath the butcher's knife.
Long time you fought, redoubl'd batt'ry bore,
But, after all, againſt your ſelf you ſwore;
Your former ſelf, for ev'ry hour your form
Is chopp'd and chang'd, like winds before a ſtorm.
Thus fear and Int'reſt will prevail with ſome,
For all have not the gift of martyrdome.
The *Panther* grin'd at this, and thus reply'd;
That men may err was never yet deny'd.
But, if that common principle be true,
The Canton, Dame, is level'd full at you.
But, ſhunning long diſputes, I fain would ſee
That wond'rous wight infallibility.
Is he from heav'n this mighty champion come,
Or lodg'd below in ſubterranean *Rome*?
Firſt, ſeat him ſomewhere, and derive his race,
Or elſe conclude that nothing has no place.
Suppoſe (though I diſown it) ſaid he *Hind*,
The certain manſion were not yet aſſign'd,
The doubtful reſidence no proof can bring
Againſt the plain exiſtence of the thing.
Becauſe *Philoſophers* may diſagree,
If ſight b'emiſſion or reception be,
Shall it be thence inferr'd, I do not ſee?

But you require an anſwer poſitive,
Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give,
For fallacies in Univerſals live.
I then affirm that this unfailing guide
In Pope and gen'ral councils muſt reſide;
Both lawfull, both combin'd, what one decrees
By numerous votes, the other ratifies:
On this undoubted ſenſe the Church relies.
'Tis true, ſome Doctours in a ſcantier ſpace,
I mean in each a part contract the place.
Some, who to greater length extend the line,
The Churches after acceptation join.
This laſt circumference appears too wide,
The church diffus'd is by the Council ty'd;
As members by their repreſentatives
Oblig'd to laws which Prince and Senate gives:
Thus ſome contract, and ſome enlarge the ſpace;
In Pope and Council who denies the place,
Aſſiſted from above with God's unfailing grace?
Thoſe Canons all the needfull points contain;
Theire ſenſe ſo obvious, and their words ſo plain,
That no diſputes about the doubtfull Text
Have, hitherto, the lab'ring world perplex'd:
If any ſhou'd in after times appear,
New councils muſt be call'd, to make the meaning clear.
Becauſe in them the pow'r ſupreme reſides,
And all the promiſes are to the guides.
This may be taught with ſound and ſafe defence:
But mark how ſandy is your own pretence,
Who ſetting Councils, Pope, and Church aſide,
Are ev'ry man his own preſuming guide.
The ſacred books, you ſay, are full and plain,
And ev'ry needfull point of truth contain:
All who can read, Interpreters may be:
Thus though your ſev'ral churches diſagree,
Yet ev'ry Saint has to himſelf alone
The ſecret of this Philoſophick ſtone.
Theſe principles your jarring ſects unite,
When diff'ring Doctours and diſciples fight.
Though *Luther*, *Zuinglius*, *Calvin*, holy chiefs
Have made a battel Royal of beliefs;

Or like wild Horſes ſev'ral ways have whirl'd
The Tortur'd Text about the Chriſtian World;
Each *Jehu* laſhing on with furious force,
That *Turk* or *Jew* cou'd not have us'd it worſe.
No matter what diſſention leaders make
Where ev'ry private man may ſave a ſtake,
Rul'd by the Scripture and his own advice
Each has a blind by-path to Paradiſe;
Where driving in a circle ſlow or faſt,
Oppoſing ſects are ſure to meet at laſt.
A wondrous charity you have in ſtore
For all reform'd to paſs the narrow door:
So much, that *Mahomet* had ſcarcely more
For he kind Prophet, was for damning none,
But *Chriſt* and *Moyſes* were to ſave their own:
Himſelf was to ſecure his choſen race,
Though reaſon good for *Turks* to take the place,
And he allow'd to be the better man
In vertue of his holier *Alcoran*.

True, ſaid the *Panther*, I ſhall ne'er deny
My brethren may be ſav'd as well as I:
Though *Hugonots* contemn our ordination,
Succeſſion, miniſterial vocation,
And *Luther*, more miſtaking what he read,
Misjoins the ſacred body with the bread;
Yet, *Lady*, ſtill remember I maintain,
The Word in needful points is only plain.

Needleſs or needful I not now contend,
For ſtill you have a loop-hole for a friend,
(Rejoyn'd the Matron) but the rule you lay
Has led whole flocks, and leads them ſtill aſtray
In weighty points, and full damnation's way.
For did not *Arius* firſt, *Socinus* now,
The Son's eternal god-head diſavow,
And did not theſe by Goſpel Texts alone
Condemn our doctrine, and maintain their own?
Have not all Hereticks the ſame pretence
To plead the Scriptures in their own defence?
How did the *Nicene* council then decide
That ſtrong debate, was it by Scripture try'd?

No, ſure to thoſe the Rebel would not yield,
Squadrons of Texts he marſhal'd in the field;

That

That was but civil war, an equal fet,
Where Piles with piles, and eagles Eagles met:
With Texts point-blank and plain he fac'd the Foe:
And did not *Sathan* tempt our faviour fo?
The good old Bishops took a simpler way,
Each ask'd but what he heard his Father say,
Or how he was instructed in his youth,
And by traditions force upheld the truth.
The *Panther* smil'd at this, and when, said she,
Were those first Councils disallow'd by me?
Or where did I at sure tradition strike,
Provided still it were Apostolick?
Friend, said the *Hind*, you quit your former ground,
Where all your Faith you did on Scripture found;
Now 'tis tradition join'd with holy writ,
But thus your memory betrays your wit.
No, said the *Panther*, for in that I view,
When your tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis true.
I set 'em by the rule, and as they square
Or deviate from undoubted doctrine there
This Oral fiction, that old Faith declare.
(Hind.) The Council steer'd it seems a different course,
They try'd the Scripture by tradition's force;
But you tradition by the Scripture try;
Pursu'd, by Sects, from this to that you fly,
Nor dare on one foundation to rely.
The word is then depos'd, and in this view,
You rule the Scripture, not the Scripture you.
Thus said the *Dame*, and, smiling, thus pursu'd,
I see tradition then is disallow'd,
When not evinc'd by Scripture to be true,
And Scripture, as interpreted by you.
But here you tread upon unfaithful ground;
Unless you cou'd infallibly expound.
Which you reject as odious Popery,
And throw that doctrine back with scorn on me.
Suppose we on things traditive divide,
And both appeal to Scripture to decide,
By various texts we both uphold our claim,
Nay, often ground our titles on the same:
After long labour lost, and times expence,
Both grant the words, and quarrel for the sense.

Thus all disputes for ever must depend;
For no dumb rule can controversies end.
Thus when you said tradition must be try'd
By Sacred Writ, whose sense your selves decide,
You said no more, but that your selves must be
The judges of the scripture sense, not we.
Against our church tradition you declare,
And yet your Clerks wou'd sit in *Moyses* chair:
At least 'tis prov'd against your argument,
The rule is far from plain, where all dissent.

If not by Scriptures, how can we be sure
(Reply'd the *Panther*) what tradition's pure?
For you may palm upon us new for old,
All, as they say, that glitters is not gold.

How but by following her, reply'd the Dame,
To whom deriv'd from sire to son they came;
Where ev'ry age do's on another move,
And trusts no farther than the next above;
Where all the rounds like *Jacob*'s ladder rise,
The lowest hid in earth, the topmost in the skies.

Sternly the salvage did her answer mark,
Her glowing eye-balls glist'ning in the dark,
And said but this, since lucre was your trade,
Succeeding times such dreadful gaps have made
'Tis dangerous climbing: to your sons and you
I leave the ladder, and its omen too.
(*Hind.*) The *Panther*'s breath was ever fam'd for sweet,
But from the *Wolf* such wishes oft I meet:
You learn'd this language from the blatant beast,
Or rather did not speak, but were possess'd.
As for your answer, 'tis but barely urg'd;
You must evince tradition to be forg'd;
Produce plain proofs; unblemish'd Authors use
As ancient as those ages they accuse;
Till when 'tis not sufficient to defame:
An old possession stands, till elder quits the claim.
Then for our int'rest which is nam'd alone
To load with envy, we retort your own.
For when traditions in your favor fly,
Resolving not to yield, you must decry:
As when the cause goes hard, the guilty man
Excepts, and thins his jury all he can;

So

So when you ſtand of other aid bereft,
You to the twelve Apoſtles would be left.
Your friend the *Wolf* did with more craft provide
To ſet thoſe toys traditions quite aſide:
And *Fathers* too, unleſs when reaſon ſpent
He cites 'em but ſometimes for ornament.
But, Madam *Panther*, you, though more ſincere,
Are not ſo wiſe as your Adulterer:
The private ſpirit is a better blind
Than all the dodging tricks your Authors find.
For they, who left the Scripture to the crowd,
Each for his own peculiar judge allow'd;
The way to pleaſe 'em was to make 'em proud.
Thus: with full ſails, they ran upon the ſhelf,
Who cou'd ſuſpect a couzenage from himſelf?
On his own reaſon ſafer 'tis to ſtand,
Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at ſecond hand.
But you who *Fathers* and traditions take,
And garble ſome, and ſome you quite forſake,
Pretending church auctority to fix,
And yet ſome grains of private ſpirit mix.
Are like a *Mule* made up of diff'ring ſeed,
And that's the reaſon why you never breed;
At leaſt not propagate your kind abroad,
For home-diſſenters are by ſtatutes aw'd.
And yet they grow upon you ev'ry day,
While you (to ſpeak the beſt) are at a ſtay,
For ſects that are extremes, abhor a middle way.
Like tricks of ſtate, to ſtop a raging flood,
Or mollify a mad-brain'd Senate's mood:
Of all expedients never one was good.
Well may they argue, (nor can you deny)
If we muſt fix on church auctority,
Beſt on the beſt, the fountain, not the flood,
That muſt be better ſtill, if this be good.
Shall ſhe command, who has her ſelf rebell'd?
Is *Antichriſt* by *Antichriſt* expell'd?
Did we a lawful tyranny diſplace,
To ſet aloft a baſtard of the race?
Why all theſe wars to win the Book, if we
Muſt not interpret for our ſelves, but ſhe?
Either be wholly ſlaves, or wholly free.

For *purging* fires traditions muſt not fight;
But they muſt prove Epiſcopacy's right:
Thus thoſe led horſes are from ſervice free'd;
You never mount 'em but in time of need.
Like mercenary's, hir'd for home defence,
They will not ſerve againſt their native Prince.
Againſt domeſtick foes of *Hierarcy*
Theſe are drawn forth, to make fanaticks fly,
But, when they ſee their countrey- men at hand
Marching againſt 'em under church-command,
Straight they forſake their colours, and disband.

Thus ſhe, nor could the *Panther* well enlarge,
With weak defence againſt ſo ſtrong a charge,
But ſaid, for what did *Chriſt* his word provide,
If ſtill his Church muſt want a living guide?
And if all ſaving doctrines are not there,
Or ſacred Pen-men cou'd not make 'em clear,
From after ages we ſhould hope in vain
For truths, which men inſpir'd, cou'd not explain.

Before the Word was written, ſaid the *Hind*,
Our Saviour preach'd his Faith to humane kind,
From his Apoſtles the firſt age receiv'd
Eternal truth, and what they taught, believ'd.
Thus by tradition faith was planted firſt,
Succeeding flocks ſucceeding Paſtours nurs'd:
This was the way our wiſe Redeemer choſe,
(Who ſure could all things for the beſt diſpoſe,)
To fence his fold from their enchroaching foes.
He cou'd have writ himſelf, but well foreſaw
Th' event wou'd be like that of *Moyſes* law;
Some difference wou'd ariſe, ſome doubts remain,
Like thoſe, which yet the jarring *Jews* maintain.
No written laws can be ſo plain, ſo pure,
But wit may gloſs, and malice may obſcure,
Not thoſe indited by his firſt command,
A prophet grav'd the text, an Angel held his hand.
Thus faith was e'er the written word appear'd,
And men believ'd, not what they read, but heard.
But ſince th' Apoſtles cou'd not be confin'd,
To theſe, or thoſe, but ſeverally deſign'd
Their large commiſſion round the world to blow;
To ſpread their faith they ſpread their labours too.

Yet ſtill their abſent flock their pains did ſhare,
They hearkn'd ſtill, for love produces care.
And as miſtakes aroſe, or diſcords fell,
Or bold ſeducers taught 'em to rebell,
As charity grew cold, or faction hot,
Or long neglect, their leſſons had forgot,
For all their wants they wiſely did provide,
And preaching by Epiſtles was ſupply'd:
So great Phyſicians cannot all attend,
But ſome they viſit, and to ſome they ſend.
Yet all thoſe letters were not writ to all;
Nor firſt intended, but occaſional
Their abſent ſermons, nor if they contain
All needfull doctrines, are thoſe doctrines plain.
Clearneſs by frequent preaching muſt be wrought,
They writ but ſeldome, but they dayly taught.
And what one Saint has ſaid of holy *Paul*,
He darkly writ, is true apply'd to all.
For this obſcurity could heav'n provide
More prudently than by a living guide,
As doubts aroſe, the difference to decide?
A guide was therefore needfull, therefore made,
And, If appointed, ſure to be obey'd.
Thus, with due rev'rence, to th' Apoſtles writ.
By which my ſons are taught, to which, ſubmit;
I think, thoſe truths their ſacred works contain,
The church alone can certainly explain.
That following ages, leaning on the paſt,
May reſt upon the primitive at laſt.
Nor wou'd I thence the word no rule inſer,
But none without the church interpreter.
Becauſe, as I have urg'd before 'tis mute,
And is it ſelf the ſubject of diſpute.
But what th' Apoſtles their ſucceſſours taught,
They to the next, from them to us is brought,
Th' undoubted ſenſe wich is in ſcripture ſought.
From hence the church is arm'd, when errours riſe,
To ſtop their entrance, and prevent ſurpriſe;
And ſafe entrench'd within, her foes without deſies.
By theſe all feſtring ſores her councils heal,
Which time or has diſclos'd, or ſhall reveal,
For diſcord cannot end without a laſt appeal.

Nor

Nor can a council national decide
But with ſubordination to her Guide:
(I wiſh the cauſe were on that iſſue try'd.)
Much leſs the ſcripture; for ſuppoſe debate
Betwixt pretenders to a fair eſtate,
Bequeath'd by ſome Legator's laſt intent;
(Such is our dying Saviour's Teſtament:)
The will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read;
The doubtfull heirs their diff'ring titles plead:
All vouch the words their int'reſt to maintain,
And each pretends by thoſe his cauſe is plain.
Shall then the teſtament award the right?
No, that's the *Hungary* for which they fight;
The field of battel, ſubject of debate,
The thing contended for, the fair eſtate.
The ſenſe is intricate, 'tis onely clear
What Vowels and what conſonants are there.
Therefore 'tis plain, its meaning muſt be try'd
Before ſome judge appointed to decide.
Suppoſe, (the fair Apoſtate ſaid,) I grant,
The faithfull flock ſome living guide ſhould want
Your arguments and endleſs chaſe perſue:
Produce this vaunted Leader to our view,
This mighty *Moyſes* of the choſen crew.

The Dame, who ſaw her fainting foe retir'd,
With force renew'd, to victory aſpir'd;
(And looking upward to her kindred sky,
As once our Saviour own'd his Deity,
Pronounc'd his words--- *ſhe whom ye ſeek, am I.*)
Nor leſs amaz'd this voice the *Panther* heard,
Than were thoſe *Jews* to hear a God declar'd.
Then thus the matron modeſtly renew'd,
Let all your prophets and their ſects be view'd,
And ſee to which of 'em your ſelves think fit
The conduct of your conſcience to ſubmit:
Each Proſelyte wou'd vote his Doctor beſt,
With abſolute excluſion to the reſt.
Thus wou'd your *Poliſh* Diet diſagree,
And end as it began in Anarchy:
Your ſelf the faireſt for election ſtand,
Becauſe you ſeem crown-gen'ral of the land,

But

But ſoon againſt your ſuperſtitious lawn
Some Presbyterian Sabre wou'd be drawn:
In your eſtabliſh'd laws of ſov'raignty
The reſt ſome fundamental flaw wou'd ſee,
And call Rebellion goſpel-liberty.
To church-decrees your articles require
Submiſſion modify'd, if not entire;
Homage deny'd, to cenſures you proceed;
But when *Curtana* will not do the deed,
You lay that pointleſs clergy-weapon by,
And to the laws, your ſword of juſtice, fly.
Now this your ſects the more unkindly take
(Thoſe prying varlets hit the blots you make)
Becauſe ſome ancient friends of yours declare,
Your only rule of faith the Scriptures are,
Interpreted by men of judgment ſound,
Which ev'ry ſect will for themſelves expound:
Nor think leſs rev'rence to their doctor's due
For ſound interpretation, than to you.
If then, by able heads, are underſtood
Your brother prophets, who reform'd abroad,
Thoſe able heads expound a wiſer way,
That their own ſheep their ſhepherd ſhou'd obey.
But if you mean your ſelves are only ſound,
That doctrine turns the reformation round,
And all the reſt are falſe reformers found.
Becauſe in ſundry points you ſtand alone,
Not in communion join'd with any one;
And therefore muſt be all the church, or none.
Then, till you have agreed whoſe judge is beſt,
Againſt this forc'd ſubmiſſion they proteſt:
While *ſound* and *ſound* a diff'rent ſenſe explains
Both play at hard-head till they break their brains:
And from their chairs each others force defy,
While unregarded thunders vainly fly.
I paſs the reſt, becauſe your church alone
Of all uſurpers beſt cou'd fill the throne.
But neither you, nor any ſect beſide
For this high office can be qualify'd,
With neceſſary gifts requir'd in ſuch a guide.

For

For that which muſt direct the whole, muſt be
Bound in one bond of faith and unity:
But all your ſev'ral churches diſagree.
The *Conſubſtantiating* Church and Prieſt
Refuſe communion to the *Calviniſt*;
The *French* reform'd, from preaching you reſtrain,
Becauſe you judge their ordination vain;
And ſo they judge of yours, but Donors muſt ordain.
In ſhort, in doctrine, or in diſcipline
Not one reform'd, can with another join:
But all from each, as from damnation fly;
No union, they pretend, but in *Non-Popery*.
Nor ſhou'd their members in a ſynod meet;
Cou'd any church preſume to mount the ſeat
Above the reſt, their diſcords to decide;
None wou'd obey, but each wou'd be the guide:
And face to face diſſentions wou'd encreaſe;
For only diſtance now preſerves the peace.
All in their turns accuſers, and accus'd:
Babel was never half ſo much confus'd.
What one can plead, the reſt can plead as well;
For amongſt equals lies no laſt appeal,
And all confeſs themſelves are fallible.
Now ſince you grant ſome neceſſary guide,
All who can err are juſtly laid aſide:
Becauſe a truſt ſo ſacred to confer
Shews want of ſuch a ſure interpreter:
And how can he be needful who can err?
Then, granting that unerring guide we want,
That ſuch there is you ſtand oblig'd to grant:
Our Saviour elſe were wanting to ſupply
Our needs, and obviate that neceſſity.
It then remains that church can only be
The guide, which owns unfailing certainty;
Or elſe you ſlip your hold, and change your ſide,
Relapſing from a neceſſary guide.
But this annex'd condition of the crown,
Immunity from errors, you diſown.
Here then you ſhrink, & lay your weak pretenſions down
For petty royalties you raiſe debate;
But this unfailing univerſal ſtate
You ſhun; nor dare ſucceed to ſuch a glorious weight.

And

And for that cauſe thoſe promiſes deteſt
With which our Saviour did his Church inveſt:
But ſtrive t'invade, and fear to find 'em true,
As conſcious they were never meant to you:
All which the mother church aſſerts her own,
And with unrival'd claim aſcends the throne.
So when of old th' Almighty Father ſate
In Council, to redeem our ruin'd ſtate.
Millions of millions at a diſtance round,
Silent the ſacred Conſiſtory crown'd,
To hear what mercy mixt with juſtice cou'd propound.
All prompt with eager pity, to fulfill
The full extent of their Creator's will:
But when the ſtern conditions were declar'd,
A mournful whiſper through the hoſt was heard,
And the whole Hierarchy with heads hung down
Submiſſively declin'd the pondrous proffer'd crown.
Then, not till then, th' eternal Son from high
Roſe in the ſtrength of all the Deity;
Stood forth t'accept the terms, and underwent
A weight which all the frame of heav'n had bent,
Nor he Himſelf cou'd bear, but as omnipotent.
Now, to remove the leaſt remaining doubt,
That ev'n the blear-ey'd ſects may find her out,
Behold what heav'nly rays adorn her brows,
What from his Wardrobe her belov'd allows
To deck the Wedding-day of his unſpotted ſpouſe:
Behold what marks of majeſty ſhe brings,
Richer than antient heirs of Eaſtern kings:
Her right hand holds the Sceptre and the keys,
To ſhew whom ſhe commands, and who obeys:
With theſe to bind, or ſet the ſinner free;
With that t'aſſert ſpiritual Royalty.

One in her ſelf not rent by ſchiſm, but ſound,
Entire, one ſolid ſhining Diamond,
Not ſparkles ſhatter'd into ſects like you:
One is the Church, and muſt be to be true:
One central principle of unity,
As undivided, ſo from errors free,
As one in faith, ſo one in ſanctity.
Thus ſhe, and none but ſhe, th' inſulting rage
Of Hereticks oppos'd from age to age:

Marks of the Catholick Church from the Nicene Creed.

Still when the Giant-brood invades her throne
She ſtoops from heav'n, and meets 'em half way down,
And with paternal thunder vindicates her crown.
But like *Ægyptian* Sorcerers you ſtand,
And vainly lift aloft your magick wand,
To ſweep away the ſwarms of vermin from the land:
You cou'd like them, with like infernal force
Produce the plague, but not arreſt the courſe.
But when the boils and botches, with diſgrace
And publick ſcandal ſat upon the face,
Themſelves attack'd, the *Magi* ſtrove no more,
They ſaw God's finger, and their fate deplore;
Themſelves they cou'd not cure of the diſhoneſt ſore.

Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely ſpread
Like the fair ocean from her mother bed;
From Eaſt to Weſt triumphantly ſhe rides,
All ſhoars are water'd by her wealthy Tides.
The Goſpel's ſound diffus'd from Pole to Pole,
Where winds can carry, and where waves can roll.
The ſelf ſame doctrine of the ſacred page
Convey'd to ev'ry clime in ev'ry age.

Here let my ſorrow give my ſatyr place,
To raiſe new bluſhes on my *Britiſh* race;
Our ſailing Ships like common ſhoars we uſe,
And through our diſtant colonies diffuſe
The draughts of Dungeons, and the ſtench of ſtews.
Whom, when their home-bred honeſty is loſt,
We diſembogue on ſome far *Indian* coaſt:
Thieves, Pandars, Palliards, ſins of ev'ry ſort,
Thoſe are the manufactures we export;
And theſe the Miſſionaries our zeal has made:
For, with my countrey's pardon be it ſaid,
Religion is the leaſt of all our trade.

Yet ſome improve their traffick more than we,
For they on gain, their only god, rely:
And ſet a publick price on piety.
Induſtrious of the needle and the chart
They run full ſail to their *Japponian* Mart.
Prevention fear, and prodigal of fame
Sell all of Chriſtian to the very name;
Nor leave enough of that to hide their naked ſhame.

Thus,

Thus, of three marks which in the Creed we view
Not one of all can be apply'd to you;
Much leſs the fourth, in vain alas you ſeek
Th'ambitious title of Apoſtolick;
God-like deſcent! 'tis well your blood can be
Prov'd noble, in the third or fourth degree:
For all of ancient that you had before
(I mean what is not borrow'd from our ſtore)
Was Error fulminated o'er and o'er.
Old Hereſies condemn'd in ages paſt,
By care and time recover'd from the blaſt.

'Tis ſaid with eaſe, but never can be prov'd,
The church her old foundations has remov'd,
And built new doctrines on unſtable ſands:
Judge that ye winds & rains, you prov'd her, yet ſhe ſtands.
Thoſe ancient doctrines charg'd on her for new,
Shew when, and how, and from what hands they grew.
We claim no pow'r when Hereſies grow bold
To coin new faith, but ſtill declare the old.
How elſe cou'd that obſcene diſeaſe be purg'd
When controverted texts are vainly urg'd?
To prove tradition new, there's ſomewhat more
Requir'd, than ſaying, 'twas not us'd before.
Thoſe monumental arms are never ſtirr'd
Till Schiſm or Hereſie call down *Goliah*'s ſword.

Thus, what you call corruptions, are in truth,
The firſt plantations of the Goſpel's youth,
Old ſtandard faith: but caſt your eyes again
And view thoſe errors which new ſects maintain
Or which of old diſturb'd the churches peaceful reign
And we can point each period of the time,
When they began, and who begot the crime;
Can calculate how long th'eclipſe endur'd,
Who interpos'd, what digits were obſcur'd:
Of all which are already paſs'd away,
We know the riſe, the progreſs and decay.

Deſpair at our foundations then to ſtrike
Till you can prove your faith Apoſtolick;
A limpid ſtream drawn from the native ſource;
Succeſſion lawful in a lineal courſe,
Prove any church oppos'd to this our head,
So one, ſo pure, ſo unconfin'dly ſpread,

Under one chief of the spiritual state,
The members all combin'd, and all subordinate:
Shew such a seamless coat, from schism so free,
In no communion join'd with heresie:
If such a one you find, let truth prevail:
Till when your weights will in the balance fail:
A church unprincipl'd kicks up the scale.
But if you cannot think, (nor sure you can)
Suppose in God what were unjust in man;
That he, the fountain of eternal grace
Should suffer falshood for so long a space
To banish truth, and to usurp her place:
That nine successive ages should be lost
And preach damnation at their proper cost;
That all your erring ancestors should dye,
Drown'd in th'Abyss of deep Idolatry;
If piety forbid such thoughts to rise,
Awake and open your unwilling eyes:
God has left nothing for each age undone,
From this to that wherein he sent his Son:
Then think but well of him, and half your work is done.
See how his church adorn'd with ev'ry grace
With open arms, a kind forgiving face,
Stands ready to prevent her long lost sons embrace.
Not more did *Joseph* o'er his brethren weep,
Nor less himself cou'd from discovery keep,
When in the croud of suppliants they were seen,
And in their crew his best beloved *Benjamin*.
That pious *Joseph* in the church behold,
To feed your famine, and refuse your gold,
The *Joseph* you exil'd, the *Joseph* whom you sold.

The renunciation of the Benedictines to the Abby Lands.

Thus, while with heav'nly charity she spoke
A streaming blaze the silent shadows broke:
Shot from the skies a chearful azure light;
The birds obscene to forests wing'd their flight
And gaping graves receiv'd the wandring guilty spright.
Such were the pleasing triumphs of the sky
For *James* his late nocturnal victory;
The pledge of his Almighty patron's love,
The fire-works which his Angel made above.
I saw my self the lambent easy light
Guild the brown horror, and dispell the night;

Poëta loquitur.

The

The meſſenger with ſpeed the tidings bore;
News which three lab'ring Nations did reſtore,
But heav'ns own *Nuncius* was arriv'd before.

By this, the *Hind* had reach'd her lonely cell;
And vapours roſe, and dews unwholſome fell.
When ſhe, by frequent obſervation wiſe,
As one who long on heav'n had fix'd her eyes,
Diſcern'd a change of weather in the skies.
The Weſtern borders were with crimſon ſpread,
The moon deſcending look'd all flaming red,
She thought good manners bound her to invite
The ſtranger Dame to be her gueſt that night,
'Tis true, courſe diet and a ſhort repaſt,
(She ſaid) were weak inducements to the taſt
Of one ſo nicely bred, and ſo unus'd to faſt.
But what plain fare her cottage cou'd afford,
An hearty welcome at a homely board
Was freely hers, and to ſupply the reſt,
An honeſt meaning, and an open breſt.
Laſt, with content of mind, the poor man's wealth;
A grace-cup to their common Patron's health.
This ſhe deſir'd her to accept and ſtay,
For fear ſhe might be wilder'd in her way,
Becauſe ſhe wanted an unerring guide;
And then the dew drops on her ſilken hide
Her tender conſtitution did declare,
Too Lady-like a long fatigue to bear,
And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air.
But moſt ſhe fear'd that travelling ſo late,
Some evil minded beaſts might lye in wait;
And without witneſs wreak their hidden hate.

The *Panther*, though ſhe lent a liſt'ning ear,
Had more of *Lion* in her than to fear:
Yet wiſely weighing, ſince ſhe had to deal
With many foes, their numbers might prevail,
Return'd her all the thanks ſhe cou'd afford;
And took her friendly hoſteſs at her word.
Who ent'ring firſt her lowly roof, (a ſhed
With hoary moſs and winding Ivy ſpread,
Honeſt enough to hide an humble Hermits head,

Thus

Thus graciously bespoke her welcome guest:
So might these walls, with your fair presence blest,
Become your dwelling place of everlasting rest,
Not for a night, or quick revolving year,
Welcome an owner, not a sojourner.
This peaceful Seat my poverty secures;
War seldom enters but where wealth allures;
Nor yet despise it, for this poor abode
Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives a god;
A god victorious of the stygian race
Here laid his sacred limbs, and sanctifi'd the place.
This mean retreat did mighty *Pan* contain
Pe emulous of him, and pomp disdain,
And dare not to debase your soul to gain.
The silent stranger stood amaz'd to see
Contempt of wealth, and wilful poverty:
And, though ill habits are not soon controll'd,
A while suspended her desire of gold.
But civily drew in her sharpn'd paws,
Not violating hospitable laws,
And pacify'd her tail, and lick'd her frothy jaws.
The *Hind* did first her country Cates provide;
Then couch'd her self securely by her side.

The Hind and the Panther.

The Third Part,

MUCH malice mingl'd with a little wit
Perhaps may censure this mysterious writ,
Because the Muse has peopl'd *Caledon*
With *Panthers*, *Bears*, and *Wolves*, and Beasts unknown,
As if we were not stock'd with monsters of our own
Let *Æsop* answer, who has set to view,
Such kinds as *Greece* and *Phrygia* never knew;
And mother *Hubbard* in her homely dress
Has sharply blam'd a *British Lioness*,
That *Queen*, whose feast the factious rabble keep,
Expos'd obscenely, naked and a-sleep:

Led

Led by thoſe great examples, may not I
The wanted organs of their words ſupply?
If men tranſact like brutes, 'tis equal then
For brutes to claim the priviledge of men.
Others our *Hind* of folly will endite,
To entertain a dang'rous gueſt by night.
Let thoſe remember that ſhe cannot dye
Till rolling time is loſt in round eternity;
Nor need ſhe fear the *Panther*, though untam'd,
Becauſe the *Lion*'s peace was now proclaim'd,
The wary ſalvage would not give offence,
To forfeit the protection of her *Prince*;
But watch'd the time her vengeance to compleat,
When all her furry ſons in frequent Senate met.
Mean while ſhe quench'd her fury at the flood,
And with a Lenten ſallad cool'd her blood.
Their commons, though but courſe, were nothing ſcant,
Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.
For now the *Hind*, whoſe noble nature ſtrove
T'expreſs her plain ſimplicity of love,
Did all the honours of her houſe ſo well,
No ſharp debates diſturb'd the friendly meal.
She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,
To common dangers paſt, a ſadly pleaſing theam;
Remembring ev'ry ſtorm which toſs'd the ſtate,
When both were objects of the publick hate,
And dropt a tear betwixt for her own childrens fate.

Nor fail'd ſhe then a full review to make
Of what the *Panther* ſuffer'd for her ſake.
Her loſt eſteem, her truth, her loyal care,
Her faith unſhaken to an exil'd Heir,
Her ſtrength t'endure, her courage to defy;
Her choice of honourable infamy.
On theſe prolixly thankful, ſhe enlarg'd,
Then with acknowledgments her ſelf ſhe charg'd:
For friendſhip of it ſelf, an holy tye,
Is made more ſacred by adverſity.
Now ſhould they part, malicious tongues wou'd ſay,
They met like chance companions on the way,
Whom mutual fear of robbers had poſſeſs'd;
While danger laſted, kindneſs was profeſs'd;

But that once o'er, the ſhort-liv'd union ends:
The road divides, and there divide the friends.
The *Panther* nodded when her ſpeech was done,
And thank'd her coldly in a hollow tone.
But ſaid her gratitude had gone too far
For common offices of Chriſtian care.
If to the lawful Heir ſhe had been true,
She paid but *Cæſar* what was *Cæſar*'s due.
I might, ſhe added, with like praiſe deſcribe
Your ſuff'ring ſons, and ſo return your bribe;
But incenſe from my hands is poorly priz'd,
For gifts are ſcorn'd where givers are deſpis'd.
I ſerv'd a turn, and then was caſt away;
You, like the gawdy fly, your wings diſplay,
And ſip the ſweets, and bask in your Great *Patron*'s day.

This heard, the *Matron* was not ſlow to find
What ſort of malady had ſeiz'd her mind;
Diſdain, with gnawing envy, fell deſpight,
And canker'd malice ſtood in open ſight.
Ambition, int'reſt, pride without controul,
And jealouſie, the jaundice of the ſoul;
Revenge, the bloudy miniſter of ill.
With all the lean tormenters of the will.
'Twas eaſie now to gueſs from whence aroſe
Her new made union with her ancient foes,
Her forc'd civilities, her faint embrace,
Affected kindneſs with an alter'd face:
Yet durſt ſhe not too deeply probe the wound,
As hoping ſtill the nobler parts were ſound;
But ſtrove with Anodynes t'aſſwage the ſmart.
And mildly thus her med'cine did impart.
Complaints of Lovers help to eaſe their pain,
It ſhews a Reſt of kindneſs to complain,
A friendſhip loth to quit its former hold,
And conſcious merit may be juſtly bold,
But much more juſt your jealouſie would ſhow,
If others good were injury to you:
Witneſs ye heav'ns how I rejoice to ſee
Rewarded worth, and riſing loyalty,
Your Warrier Off-ſpring that upheld the crown,
The ſcarlet honours of your peaceful gown,

Are the moſt pleaſing objects I can find,
Charms to my ſight, and cordials to my mind:
When vertue ſpoomes before a proſp'rous gale
My heaving wiſhes help to fill the ſail,
And if my pray'rs for all the brave were heard,
Cæſar ſhould ſtill have ſuch, and ſuch ſhould ſtill reward.
The labour'd earth your pains have ſow'd and till'd:
'Tis juſt you reap the product of the field.
Yours be the harveſt, 'tis the beggars gain
To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.
Such ſcatter'd ears as are not worth your care,
Your charity for alms may ſafely ſpare,
And alms are but the vehicles of pray'r.
My daily bread is litt'rally implor'd,
I have no barns nor granaries to hoard;
If *Cæſar* to his own his hands extends,
Say which of yours his charity offends:
You know he largely gives to more than are his friends.
Are you defrauded when he feeds the poor,
Our mite decreaſes nothing of your ſtore;
I am but few, and by your fare you ſee
My crying ſins are not of luxury.
Some juſter motive ſure your mind withdraws,
And makes you break our friendſhips holy laws,
For barefac'd envy is too baſe a cauſe.
Shew more occaſion for your diſcontent,
Your love, the *Wolf*, wou'd help you to invent,
Some *German* quarrel, or, as times go now,
Some *French*, where force is uppermoſt, will do.
When at the fountains head, as merit ought
To claim the place, you take a ſwilling draught,
How eaſy 'tis an evious eye to throw,
And tax the ſheep for troubling ſtreams below,
Or call her, (when no farther cauſe you find,
An enemy profeſs'd of all your kind.
But then, perhaps, the wicked world wou'd think,
The *Wolf* deſign'd to eat as well as drink.

This laſt alluſion gaul'd the *Panther* more,
Becauſe indeed it rubb'd upon the ſore.
Yet ſeem'd ſhe not to winch, though ſhrewdly pain'd:
But thus her paſſive character maintain'd.

I never grudg'd, what e'er my foes report,
Your flaunting fortune in the *Lion's* court.
You have your day, or you are much bely'd,
But I am always on the ſuff'ring ſide:
You know my doctrine, and I need not ſay
I will not, but I cannot diſobey.
On this firm principle I ever ſtood:
He of my ſons who fails to make it good,
By one rebellious act renounces to my blood.
Ah, ſaid the *Hind*, how many ſons have you
Who call you mother, whom you never knew!
But moſt of them who that relation plead
Are ſuch ungracious youths as wiſh you dead.
They gape at rich revenues which you hold,
And fain would nibble at your grandam gold;
Enquire into your years, and laugh to find
Your crazy temper ſhews you much declin'd.
Were you not dim, and doted, you might ſee
A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,
No more of kin to you, than you to me.
Do you not know, that for a little coin,
Heralds can foiſt a name into the line;
They ask you bleſſing but for what you have,
But once poſſeſs'd of what with care you ſave,
The wanton boys wou'd piſs upon your grave.
Your ſons of Latitude that court your grace,
Though moſt reſembling you in form and face,
Are far the worſt of your pretended race.
And, but I bluſh your honeſty to blot,
Pray god you prove 'em lawfully begot:
For, in ſome *Popiſh* libells I have read,
The *Wolf* has been too buſie in your bed.
At leaſt their hinder parts, the belly piece,
The paunch, and all that *Scorpio* claims, are his.
Their malice too a ſore ſuſpicion brings;
For though they dare not bark, they ſnarl at kings:
Nor blame 'em for intruding in your line,
Fat Biſhopricks are ſtill of right divine.
Think you your new *French* Proſelytes are come
To ſtarve abroad, becauſe they ſtarv'd at home?
Your benefices twinckl'd from afar,
They found the new *Meſſiah* by the ſtar:

Thoſe

Thoſe *Swiſſes* fight on any ſide for pay,
And 'tis the Living that conforms, not they.
Mark with what management their tribes divide,
Some ſtick to you, and ſome to t'other ſide,
That many churches may for many mouths provide.
More vacant pulpits wou'd more converts make,
All wou'd have latitude enough to take;
The reſt unbenefic'd, your ſects maintain,
For ordinations without cures are vain
And chamber practice is a ſilent gain.
Your ſons of breadth at home are much like theſe,
Their ſoft and eaſie metals run with eaſe,
They melt and take the figure of the mold:
But harden and preſerve it beſt in gold.

Your *Delphick* Sword, the *Panther* then reply'd,
Is double edg'd, and cuts on either ſide.
Some ſons of mine who bear upon their ſhield,
Three ſteeples Argent in a ſable field,
Have ſharply tax'd your converts, who unfed,
Have follow'd you for miracles of bread;
Such who themſelves of no Religion are,
Allur'd with gain, for any will declare.
Bare lyes with bold aſſertions they can face,
But dint of argument is out of place.
The grim Logician puts 'em in a fright,
'Tis eaſier far to flouriſh than to fight.
Thus our eighth *Henry*'s marriage they defame;
They ſaw the ſchiſm of beds began the game,
Divorcing from the *Church* to wed the Dame.
Though largely prov'd, and by himſelf profeſs'd
That conſcience, conſcience wou'd not let him reſt.
I mean, not till poſſeſs'd of her he lov'd,
And old, uncharming *Catherine* was remov'd.
For ſundry years before did he complain,
And told his ghoſtly Confeſſor his pain.
With the ſame impudence, without a ground,
They ſay, that look the reformation round,
No *Treatiſe of Humility* is found.
But if none were, the Goſpel does not want,
Our *Saviour* preach'd it, and I hope you grant,
The Sermon in the mount was *Proteſtant*:

No doubt, reply'd the *Hind*, as ſure as all
The writings of Saint *Peter* and Saint *Paul*.
On that deciſion let it ſtand or fall.
Now for my converts, who you ſay unfed
Have follow'd me for miracles of bread,
Judge not by hear-ſay, but obſerve at leaſt,
If ſince their change, their loaves have been increaſt.
The *Lion* buys no Converts, if he did,
Beaſts wou'd be ſold as faſt as he cou'd bid.
T x thoſe of int'reſt who conform for gain,
Or ſtay the market of another reign.
Your broad-way ſons wou'd never be too nice
To cloſe with *Calvin*, if he paid their price;
But rais'd three ſteeples high'r, wou'd change their note,
And quit the Caſſock for the Canting-coat.
Now, if you damn this cenſure, as too bold,
Judge by your ſelves, and think not others ſold.

Mean-time my ſons accus'd, by fames report
Pay ſmall attendance at the *Lion*'s court,
Nor riſe with early crowds, nor flatter late,
(For ſilently they beg who daily wait.)
Preferment is beſtow'd that comes unſought,
Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought.
How they ſhou'd ſpeed, their fortune is untry'd,
For not to ask, is not to be deny'd.
For what they have, their *God* and *King* they bleſs,
And hope they ſhou'd not murmur, had they leſs.
But, if reduc'd, ſubſiſtence to implore,
In common prudence they wou'd paſs your door;
Unpitty'd *Hudibraſs*, your Champion friend
Has ſhewn how far your charities extend.
This laſting verſe ſhall on his tomb be read,
He ſham'd you living, and upbraids you dead.

With odious *Atheiſt* names you load your foes,
Your lib'ral *Clergy* why did I expoſe?
It never fails in charities like thoſe.
In climes where true Religion is profeſt,
That imputation were no laughing jeſt.
But *Imprimatur*, with a Chaplain's name,
Is here ſufficient licence to defame.

What

What wonder is't that black detraction thrives,
The Homicide of names is leſs than lives;
And yet the perjur'd murtherer ſurvives.
This ſaid, ſhe paus'd a little, and ſupreſs'd
Th' boiling indignation of her breaſt;
She knew the vertue of her blade, nor wou'd
Pollute her ſatyr with ignoble bloud:
Her panting foes ſhe ſaw before her lye,
And back ſhe drew the ſhining weapon dry:
So when the gen'rous *Lion* has in ſight
His equal match, he rouſes for the fight;
But when his foe lyes proſtrate on the plain,
He ſheaths his paws, uncurls his angry mane;
And pleas'd with bloudleſs honours of the day,
Walks over, and diſdains th' inglorious Prey.
So *JAMES*, if great with leſs we may compare,
Arreſts his rowling thunder-bolts in air,
And grants ungratefull friends a lengthn'd ſpace,
T'implore the remnants of long ſuff'ring grace.
This breathing-time the Matron took; and then,
Reſum'd the thrid of her diſcourſe again.
Be vengeance wholly left to pow'rs divine,
And let heav'n judge betwixt your ſons and mine:
If joyes hereafter muſt be purchas'd here
With loſs of all that mortals hold ſo dear,
Then welcome infamy and publick ſhame,
And, laſt, a long farwell to worldly fame.
'Tis ſaid with eaſe, but oh, how hardly try'd
By haughty ſouls to humane honour ty'd!
O ſharp convulſive pangs of agonizing pride!
Down then thou rebell, never more to riſe,
And what thou didſt, and do'ſt ſo dearly prize,
That fame, that darling fame, make that thy ſacrifice.
'Tis nothing thou haſt giv'n, then add thy tears
For a long race of unrepenting years:
'Tis nothing yet; yet all thou haſt to give,
Then add thoſe *may-be* years thou haſt to live.
Yet nothing ſtill: then poor, and naked come,
Thy father will receive his unthrift home,
And thy bleſt Saviour's bloud diſcharge the mighty ſum.
Thus (ſhe purſu'd) I diſcipline a ſon
Whoſe uncheck'd fury to revenge wou'd run:

He-

He champs the bit, impatient of his loſs,
And ſtarts a-ſide, and flounders at the croſs.
Inſtruct him better, gracious God, to know
As thine is vengeance, ſo forgiveneſs too.
That ſuff'ring from ill tongues, he bears no more
That what his Sovereign bears, and what his Saviour bore.
It now remains for you to ſchool your child,
And ask why *God*'s Anointed he revil'd;
A *King* and *Princeſs* dead! did *Shimei* worſe?
The curſer's puniſhment ſhould fright the curſe:
Your ſon was warn'd, and wiſely gave it o're,
But he who counſell'd him has paid the ſcore:
The heavy malice cou'd no higher tend,
But wo to him on whom the weights deſcend:
So to permitted ills the *Dæmon* flies:
His rage is aim'd at him who rules the skies;
Conſtrain'd to quit his cauſe, no ſuccour found,
The foe diſcharges ev'ry Tyre around,
In clouds of ſmoke abandoning the fight,
But his own thundring peals proclaim his flight.
In *Henry*'s change his charge as ill ſucceeds,
To that long ſtory little anſwer needs,
Confront but *Henry*'s words with *Henry*'s deeds
Were ſpace allow'd, with eaſe it might be prov'd,
What ſprings his bleſſed reformation mov'd.
The dire effects appear'd in open ſight,
Which from the cauſe, he calls a diſtant flight,
And yet no larger leap than from the Sun to light.
Now laſt your ſons a double *Pæan* ſound,
A *Treatiſe of Humility* is found.
'Tis found, but better it had ne'er been ſought
Than thus in Proteſtant proceſſion brought.
The fam'd original through *Spain* is known,
Rodriguez work, my celebrated ſon,
Which yours, by ill-tranſlating made his own,
Conceal'd its Author, and uſurp'd the name,
The baſeſt and ignobleſt theft of fame.
My Altars kindl'd firſt that living coal,
Reſtore, or practice better what you ſtole:
That vertue could this humble verſe inſpire,
'Tis all the reſtitution I require.

Glad

Glad was the *Panther* that the charge was clos'd,
And none of all her fav'rite ſons expos'd.
For laws of arms permit each injur'd man,
To make himſelf a ſaver where he can.
Perhaps the plunder'd Merchant cannot tell
The names of Pirates in whoſe hands he fell:
But at the den of thieves he juſtly flies,
And ev'ry *Algerine* is lawful prize.
No private perſon in the foes eſtate
Can plead exemption from the publick fate.
Yet Chriſtian laws allow not ſuch redreſs;
Then let the greater ſuperſede the leſs.
But let th'Abettors of the *Panther*'s crime
Learn to make fairer wars another time.
Some characters may ſure be found to write
Among her ſons, for 'tis no common ſight
A ſpotted Dam, and all her off-ſpring white

The ſalvage, though ſhe ſaw her plea controll'd,
Yet wou'd not wholly ſeem to quit her hold,
But offer'd fairly to compound the ſtrife;
And judge converſion by the convert's life.
'Tis true, ſhe ſaid, I think it ſomewhat ſtrange
So few ſhou'd follow profitable change:
For preſent joys are more to fleſh and bloud,
Than a dull proſpect of a diſtant good.
'Twas well alluded by a ſon of mine,
(I hope to quote him is not to purloin.)
Two magnets, heav'n and earth, allure to bliſs,
The larger loadſtone that, the nearer this:
The weak attraction of the greater fails,
We nodd a-while, but neighbourhood prevails;
But when the greater proves the nearer too,
I wonder more your converts come ſo ſlow.
Methinks in thoſe who firm with me remain,
It ſhews a nobler principle than gain.
Your inf'rence wou'd be ſtrong the *Hind* reply'd)
If yours were in effect the ſuff'ring ſide:
Your clergy ſons their own in peace poſſeſs,
Nor are their proſpects in reverſion leſs.
My Proſelytes are ſtruck with awful dread,
Your bloudy Comet-laws hang blazing o're their head.

The

The reſpite they enjoy but only lent,
The beſt they have to hope, protracted puniſhment.
Be judge your ſelf, if int'reſt may prevail,
Which motives, yours or mine, will turn the ſcale,
While pride and pomp allure, and plenteous eaſe,
That is, till man's predominant paſſions ceaſe
Admire no longer at my ſlow encreaſe.
By education moſt have been miſled,
So they believe becauſe they ſo were bred.
The *Prieſt* continues what the nurſe began,
And thus the child impoſes on the man.
The reſt I nam'd before, nor need repeat:
But int'reſt is the moſt prevailing cheat,
The ſly ſeducer both of age and youth;
They ſtudy that, and think they ſtudy truth:
When int'reſt fortifies an argument
Weak reaſon ſerves to gain the wills aſſent;
For ſouls already warpt receive an eaſie bent.
Add long preſcription of eſtabliſh'd laws,
And picque of honour to maintain a cauſe,
And ſhame of change, and fear of future ill,
And Zeal, the blind conductor of the will,
And chief among the ſtill miſtaking croud,
The fame of teachers obſtinate and proud,
And more than all, the private Judge allow'd.
Diſdain of Fathers which the dance began,
And laſt, uncertain who's the narrower ſpan,
The clown unread, and half-read gentleman.

To this the *Panther*, with a ſcornful ſmile:
Yet ſtill you travail with unwearied toil,
And range a round the realm without controll
Among my ſons, for Proſelytes to prole,
And here and there you ſnap ſome ſilly ſoul.
You hinted fears of future change in ſtate,
Pray heav'n you did not propheſie your fate;
Perhaps you think your time of triumph near,
But may miſtake the ſeaſon of the year,
The *Swallows* fortune gives you cauſe to fear.
For charity (reply'd the Matron) tell
What ſad miſchance thoſe pretty birds befell,

Nay

Nay, no miſchance, (the ſalvage Dame reply'd)
But want of wit in their unerring guide,
And eager haſte, and gaudy hopes, and giddy pride
Yet, wiſhing timely warning may prevail,
Make you the moral, and I'll tell the tale.
The *Swallow* priviledg'd above the reſt
Of all the birds, as man's familiar gueſt,
Purſues the Sun in ſummer brisk and bold,
But wiſely ſhuns the perſecuting cold:
Is well to chancels and to chimneys known,
Though 'tis not thought ſhe feeds on ſmoke alone.
From hence ſhe has been held of heav'nly line,
Endu'd with particles of ſoul divine.
This merry Choriſter had long poſſeſs'd
Her ſummer ſeat, and feather'd well her neſt:
Till frowning sky began to change their chear,
And time turn'd up the wrong ſide of the year;
The ſhedding trees began the ground to ſtrow
With yellow leaves, and bitter blaſts to blow.
Sad auguries of winter thence ſhe drew,
Which by inſtinct, or Prophecy, ſhe knew:
When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes
And ſeek a better heav'n, and warmer clymes.
Her ſons were ſummon'd on a ſteeples height,
And, call'd in common council, vote a flight;
The day was nam'd, the next that ſhou'd be fair,
All to the general rendezvouz repair,
They try their flutt'ring wings, & truſt themſelves in air.
But whether upward to the moon they go,
Or dream the winter out in caves below,
Or hawk at flies elſewhere, concerns not us to know.
Southwards, you may be ſure, they bent their flight,
And harbour'd in a hollow rock at night:
Next morn they roſe and ſet up ev'ry ſail,
The wind was fair, but blew a *mackrel* gale:
The ſickly young ſat ſhivring on the ſhoar,
Abhorr'd ſalt water never ſeen before,
And praid their tender mothers to delay
The paſſage, and expect a fairer day.

With theſe the *Martyn* readily concurr'd,
A church-begot, and church-believing bird;

Of little body, but of lofty mind,
Round belly'd, for a dignity deſign'd,
And much a dunce, as *Martyns* are by kind.
Yet often quoted Cannon-laws, and *Code*,
And Fathers which he never underſtood,
But little learning needs in noble bloud.
For, ſooth to ſay, the *Swallow* brought him in,
Her houſhold Chaplain, and her next of kin.
In ſuperſtition ſilly to exceſs,
And caſting Schemes, by planetary gueſs:
In fine, ſhort-wing'd, unfit himſelf to fly,
His fear foretold foul weather in the ſky.
Beſides, a *Raven* from a wither'd Oke,
Left of their lodging, was obſerv'd to croke.
That omen lik'd him not, ſo his advice
Was preſent ſafety, bought at any price.
(A ſeeming pious care, that cover'd cowardiſe.)
To ſtrengthen this, he told a boding dream,
Of riſing waters, and a troubl'd ſtream,
Sure ſign of anguiſh, dangers and diſtreſs,
With ſomething more not lawful to expreſs:
By which he ſlily ſeem'd to intimate
Some ſecret revelation of their fate.
For he concluded, once upon a time
He found a leaf inſcrib'd with ſacred rime,
Whoſe antique characters did well denote
The *Sibyl*'s hand of the *Cumæan* Grott:
The mad Divineress had plainly writ,
A time ſhou'd come (but many ages yet,
In which ſiniſter deſtinies ordain,
A *Dame* ſhou'd drown with all her feather'd train,
And ſeas from thence be call'd the *Chelidonian* main.
At this, ſome ſhook for fear, the more devout
Aroſe, and bleſs'd themſelves from head to foot.
'Tis true, ſome ſtagers of the wiſer ſort
Made all theſe idle wonderment their ſport:
They ſaid, their only danger was delay,
And he who heard what ev'ry fool could ſay,
Wou'd never fix his thoughts, but trim his time away.
The paſſage yet was good, the wind 'tis true,
Was ſomewhat high, but that was nothing new,
Nor more than uſual *Equinoxes* blew.

The

The Sun (already from the ſcales declin'd)
Gave little hopes of better days behind,
But change from bad to worſe of weather and of wind.
Nor need they fear the dampneſs of the sky
Should flag their wings and hinder them to fly,
'Twas only water thrown on ſails too dry.
But, leaſt of all *Philoſophy* preſumes
Of truth in dreams, from melancholy fumes:
Perhaps the *Martyn*, hous'd in holy ground,
Might think of Ghoſts that walk their midnight round,
Till groſſer atoms tumbling in the ſtream
Of fancy, madly met and clubb'd into a dream.
As little weight his vain preſages bear,
Of ill effect to ſuch alone who fear.
Moſt propheſies are of a piece with theſe,
Each *Noſtradamus* can foretell with eaſe:
Not naming perſons, and confounding times,
One caſual truth ſupports a thouſand lying rimes.
Th'advice was true, but fear had ſeiz'd the moſt,
And all good counſel is on cowards loſt.
The queſtion crudely put, to ſhun delay,
'Twas carry'd by the *major* part to ſtay:
His point thus gain'd, Sir *Martyn* dated thence
His pow'r, and from a Prieſt became a Prince.
He order'd all things with a buſy care,
And cells, and refectories did prepare,
And large proviſions laid of winter fare.
But now and then let fall a word or two
Of hope, that heav'n ſome miracle might ſhow,
And, for their ſakes, the ſun ſhou'd backward go;
Againſt the laws of nature upward climb,
And, mounted on the *Ram*, renew the prime:
For which two proofs in ſacred Story lay,
Of *Ahaz* dial, and of *Joſhuah*'s day.
In expectation of ſuch times as theſe
A chapell hous'd 'em, truly call'd of eaſe:
For *Martyn* much devotion did not ask,
They pray'd ſometimes, and that was all their task.
It happen'd (as beyond the reach of wit
Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit)
That, this accompliſh'd, or at leaſt in part,
Gave great repute to their new *Merlin*'s art.

Some * *Swifts*, the Giants of the *Swallow* kind,
Large limb'd, ſtout-hearted, but of ſtupid mind,
(For *Swiſſes*, or for *Gibeonites* deſign'd,)
Theſe Lubbers, peeping through a broken pane,
To ſuck freſh air, ſurvey'd the neighbouring plain.
And ſaw (but ſcarcely cou'd believe their eyes)
New bloſſoms flouriſh, and new flow'rs ariſe;
As God had been abroad, and walking there,
Had left his footſteps, and reform'd the year:
The ſunny hills from far were ſeen to glow
With glittering beams, and in the meads below
The burniſh'd brooks appear'd with liquid gold to flow.
At laſt they heard the fooliſh *Cuckow* ſing,
Whoſe note proclaim'd the holy day of ſpring.
No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,
And repoſſeſs their patrimonial ſky.
The *Prieſt* before 'em did his wings diſplay;
And, that good omens might attend their way,
As luck wou'd have it, 'twas St. *Martyn*'s day

* *Otherwiſe call'd* Martlets.

Who but the *Swallow* now triumphs alone,
The Canopy of heaven is all her own,
Her youthful offſpring to their haunts repair;
And glide along in glades, and skim in air,
And dip for inſects in the purling ſprings,
And ſtoop on rivers to refreſh their wings.
Their mothers think a fair proviſion made,
That ev'ry ſon can live upon his trade,
And now the careful charge is off their hands,
Look out for husbands, and new nuptial bands:
The youthful widow longs to be ſupply'd;
But firſt the Lover is by Lawyers ty'd
To ſettle jointure-chimneys on the bride.
So thick they couple, in ſo ſhort a ſpace,
That *Martyn*'s marr'age offſprings riſe apace;
Their ancient houſes, running to decay,
Are furbiſh'd up, and cemented with clay;
They teem already; ſtore of eggs are laid,
And brooding mothers call *Lucina*'s aid.
Fame ſpreads the news, and forreign fowls appear
In flocks, to greet the new returning year,
To bleſs the founder, and partake the cheer.

And now 'twas time (ſo faſt their numbers riſe)
To plant abroad, and people colonies;
The youth drawn forth, as *Martyn* had deſir'd,
(For ſo their cruel deſtiny requir'd)
Were ſent far off on an ill fated day;
The reſt wou'd need conduct 'em on their way,
And *Martyn* went, becauſe he fear'd alone to ſtay.
So long they flew with inconſiderate haſte
That now their afternoon began to waſte;
And, what was ominous, that very morn
The Sun was entr'd into *Capricorn*;
Which, by their bad Aſtronomers account,
That week the virgin balance ſhou'd remount;
An infant moon eclips'd him in his way,
And hid the ſmall remainders of his day:
The crowd amaz'd, purſu'd no certain mark;
But birds met birds, and juſtl'd in the dark;
Few mind the publick in a panick fright;
And fear increas'd the horror of the night.
Night came, but unattended with repoſe,
Alone ſhe came, no ſleep their eyes to cloſe,
Alone, and black ſhe came, no friendly ſtars aroſe.

What ſhou'd they do, beſet with dangers round,
No neighb'ring Dorp, no lodging to be found,
But bleakly plains, and bare unhoſpitable ground.
The latter brood, who juſt began to fly
Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the sky,
For ſuccour to their helpleſs mother call,
She ſpread her wings; ſome few beneath 'em craul,
She ſpread 'em wider yet, but cou'd not cover all.
T'augment their woes, the winds began to move
Debate in air, for empty fields above,
Till *Boreas* got the skies, and powr'd amain
His ratling hail-ſtones mixt with ſnow and rain.
The joyleſs morning late aroſe, and fonnd
A dreadful deſolation reign a-round,
Some buried in the Snow, ſome frozen to the ground:
The reſt were ſtrugling ſtill with death, and lay
The *Crows* and *Ravens* rights, an undefended prey;
Excepting *Martyn*'s race, for they and he
Had gain'd the ſhelter of an hollow tree,

But

But ſoon diſcover'd by a ſturdy clown,
He headed all the rabble of a town,
And finiſh'd 'em with bats, or poll'd 'em down.
Martyn himſelf was caught alive, and try'd
For treas'nous crimes, becauſe the laws provide
No *Martyn* there in winter ſhall abide.
High on an Oke which never leaf ſhall bear,
He breath'd his laſt, expos'd to open air,
And there his corps, unbleſs'd, are hanging ſtill,
To ſhew the change of winds with his prophetick bill.

The patience of the *Hind* did almoſt fail,
For well ſhe mark'd the malice of the tale:
Which Ribbald art their church to *Luther* owes,
In malice it began, by malice grows,
He ſow'd the *Serpent*'s teeth, an iron-harveſt roſe.
But moſt in *Martyn*'s character and fate,
She ſaw her ſlander'd ſons, the *Panther*'s hate,
The peoples rage, the perſecuting ſtate:
Then ſaid, I take th'advice in friendly part,
You clear your conſcience, or at leaſt your heart:
Perhaps you fail'd in your fore-ſeeing skill,
For *Swallows* are unlucky birds to kill:
As for my ſons, the family is bleſs'd
Whoſe ev'ry child is equal to the reſt:
No church reform'd can boaſt a blameleſs line;
Such *Martyns* build in yours, and more than mine:
Or elſe an old fanatick Authors lyes
Who ſumm'd their Scandals up by Centuries.
But, through your parable I plainly ſee
The bloudy laws, the crowds barbarity:
The ſun-ſhine that offends the purblind ſight,
Had ſome their wiſhes, it wou'd ſoon be night.
Miſtake me not, the charge concerns not you,
Your ſons are male-contents, but yet are true,
As far as non-reſiſtance makes 'em ſo,
But that's a word of neutral ſenſe you know,
A paſſive term which no relief will bring,
But trims betwixt a rebel and a king.
Reſt well aſſur'd the *Pardelis* reply'd,
My ſons wou'd all ſupport the regal ſide,
Though heav'n forbid the cauſe by battel ſhou'd be try'd.

The

The Matron anſwer'd with a loud Amen,
And thus purſu'd her argument agen.
If as you ſay, and as I hope no leſs,
Your ſons will practiſe what your ſelf profeſs,
What angry pow'r prevents our preſent peace?
The *Lion*, ſtudious of our common good,
Deſires, (and Kings deſires are ill withſtood,)
To join our Nations in a laſting love:
The barrs betwixt are eaſie to remove,
For ſanguinary laws were never made above.
If you condemn that Prince of Tyranny
Whoſe mandate forc'd your *Gallick* friends to fly,
Make not a worſe example of your own,
Or ceaſe to rail at cauſeleſs rigor ſhown,
And let the guiltleſs perſon throw the ſtone.
His blunted ſword, your ſuff'ring brotherhood
Have ſeldom felt, he ſtops it ſhort of bloud:
But you have ground the perſecuting knife,
And ſet it to a razor edge on life.
Curs'd be the wit which cruelty refines,
Or to his father's rod the *Scorpion* joins;
Your finger is more groſs than the great Monarch's loins.
But you perhaps remove that bloudy note,
And ſtick it on the firſt Reformers coat.
Oh let their crime in long oblivion ſleep,
'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep.
Unjuſt, or juſt, is all the queſtion now,
'Tis plain, that not repealing you allow.

To name the Teſt wou'd put you in a rage,
You charge not that on any former age,
But ſmile to think how innocent you ſtand
Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand.
Yet ſtill remember that you weild a ſword
Forg'd by your foes againſt your Sovereign Lord.
Deſign'd to hew th'imperial Cedar down,
Defraud Succeſſion, and diſ-heir the Crown.
T'abhor the makers, and their laws approve,
Is to hate Traytors, and the treaſon love.
What means it elſe, which now your children ſay,
We made it not, nor will we take away.

Suppoſe

Suppoſe ſome great Oppreſſor had by ſlight
Of law, diſſeis'd your brother of his right,
Your common ſire ſurrendring in a fright;
Would you to that unrighteous title ſtand,
Left by the villain's will to heir the land?
More juſt was *Judas*, who his Saviour ſold;
The ſacrilegious bribe he cou'd not hold,
Nor hang in peace, before he rendr'd back the gold.
What more could you have done, than now you do,
Had *Oates* and *Bedlow*, and their Plot been true?
Some ſpecious reaſons for thoſe wrongs were found;
The dire Magicians threw their miſts around,
And wiſe men walk'd as on inchanted grouud.
But now when time has made th' impoſture plain,
(Late though he follow'd truth, & limping held her train)
What new deluſion charms your cheated eyes again?
The painted harlot might awhile bewitch,
But why the Hag uncas'd, and all obſcene with itch?
The firſt Reformers were a modeſt race
Our Peers poſſes'd in peace their native place:
And when rebellious arms o'return'd the ſtate
They ſuffer'd only in the common fate;
But now the Sov'reign mounts the regal chair
And mitr'd ſeats are full, yet *David's* bench is bare.
Your anſwer is, they were not diſpoſſeſs'd,
They need but rub their metal on the Teſt
To prove their ore: 'twere well if gold alone
Were touch'd and try'd on your diſcerning ſtone;
But that unfaithfull Teſt unfound will paſs
The droſs of Atheiſts, and ſectarian braſs:
As if th' experiment were made to hold
For baſe productions, and reject the gold:
Thus men ungodded may to places riſe,
And ſects may be preferr'd without diſguiſe:
No danger from the church or ſtate from theſe,
The Papiſt only has his Writ of eaſe.
No gainfull office gives him the pretence
To grind the Subject or defraud the Prince.
Wrong conſcience, or no conſcience may deſerve
To thrive, but ours alone is priviledg'd to ſterve.
Still thank your ſelves you cry, your noble race
We baniſh not, but they forſake the place.

Our

Our doors are open: true, but e're they come,
You toſs your cenſing Teſt, and fume the room;
As if 'twere *Toby*'s rival to expel,
And fright the fiend who could not bear the ſmell.
To this the *Panther* ſharply had reply'd,
But, having gain'd a verdict on her ſide,
She wiſely gave the loſer leave to chide;
Well ſatisfy'd to have the But and peace,
And for the Plaintiff's cauſe ſhe car'd the leſs,
Becauſe ſhe ſu'd in *formâ pauperis*;
Yet thought it decent ſomething ſhou'd be ſaid,
For ſecret guilt by ſilence is betraid:
So neither granted all, nor much deny'd,
But anſwer'd with a yawning kind of pride.
Methinks ſuch terms of proffer'd peace you bring
As once *Æneas* to th' *Italian* king:
By long poſſeſſion all the land is mine,
You ſtrangers come with your intruding line,
To ſhare my ſceptre, which you call to join.
You plead like him an ancient pedigree,
And claim a peaceful ſeat by fates decree.
In ready pomp your ſacrificer ſtands
T'unite the *Trojan* and the *Latin* bands,
And that the league more firmly may be ty'd,
Demand the fair *Lavinia* for your bride.
Thus plauſibly you veil th'intended wrong,
But ſtill you bring your exil'd gods along;
And will endeavour in ſucceeding ſpace,
Thoſe houſhold Poppits on our hearths to place.
Perhaps ſome barb'rous laws have been preferr'd,
I ſpake againſt the *Teſt*, but was not heard;
Theſe to reſcind, and Peerage to reſtore,
My gracious Sov'reign wou'd my vote implore:
I owe him much, but owe my conſcience more.
Conſcience is then your plea, reply'd the Dame,
Which well inform'd will ever be the ſame.
But yours is much of the *Camelian* hew,
To change the dye with ev'ry diff'rent view.
When firſt the *Lion* ſat with awful ſway,
Your conſcience taught you duty to obey:
He might have had your Statutes and your Teſt,
No conſcience but of ſubjects was profeſt.

He found your temper, and no farther try'd,
But on that broken reed your church rely'd.
In vain the sects assay'd their utmost art
With offer'd treasure to espouse their part;
Their treasures were a bribe too mean to move his heart.
But when by long experience you had prov'd
How far he cou'd forgive, how well he lov'd;
A goodness that excell'd his godlike race,
And only short of heav'ns unbounded grace:
A flood of mercy that o'erflowd our Isle,
Calm in the rise, and fruitful as the *Nile*,
Forgetting whence your *Ægypt* was supply'd,
You thought your Sov'reign bound to send the tide:
Nor upward look'd on that immortal spring,
But vainly deem'd, he durst not be a king:
Then conscience, unrestrain'd by fear, began
To stretch her limits, and extend the span,
Did his indulgence as her gift dispose,
And made a wise Alliance with her foes,
Can conscience own th'associating name,
And raise no blushes to conceal her shame?
For sure she has been thought a bashful Dame.
But if the cause by battel shou'd be try'd
You grant she must espouse the regal side:
O *Proteus* Conscience never to be ty'd!
What *Phœbus* from the *Tripod* shall disclose,
Which are in last resort, your friends or foes?
Homer, who learn'd the language of the sky,
The seeming *Gordian* knot wou'd soon unty;
Immortal pow'rs the term of conscience know,
But int'rest is her name with men below.

Conscience or int'rest be't, or both in one;
(The *Panther* answer'd in a surly tone,)
The first commands me to maintain the Crown,
The last forbids to throw my barriers down.
Our penal laws no sons of yours admit,
Our *Test* excludes your Tribe from benefit.
These are my banks your ocean to withstand,
Which proudly rising, overlooks the land:
And once let in, with unresisted sway
Wou'd sweep the Pastors and their flocks away.

Think

Think not my judgment leads me to comply
With laws unjuſt, but hard neceſſity:
Imperious need which cannot be withſtood
Makes ill authentick, for a greater good.
Poſſeſs your ſoul with patience, and attend:
A more auſpicious Planet may aſcend;
Good fortune may preſent ſome happier time,
With means to cancel my unwilling crime;
(Unwilling, witneſs all ye Pow'rs above)
To mend my errors, and redeem your love:
That little ſpace you ſafely may allow,
Your all-diſpenſing pow'r protects you now.
Hold, ſaid the *Hind*, 'tis needleſs to explain;
You wou'd *poſtpone* me to another reign:
Till when you are content to be unjuſt,
Your part is to poſſeſs, and mine to truſt.
A fair exchange propos'd of future chance,
For preſent profit and inheritance:
Few words will ſerve to finiſh our diſpute,
Who will not now repeal wou'd perſecute;
To ripen green revenge your hopes attend,
Wiſhing that happier Planet wou'd aſcend:
For ſhame let Conſcience be your Plea no more,
To will hereafter, proves ſhe might before;
But ſhe's a Bawd to gain, and holds the Door.

Your care about your banks infers a fear
Of threatning Floods, and Inundations near;
If ſo, a juſt Repriſe would only be
Of what the Land uſurp'd upon the Sea;
And all your Jealouſies but ſerve to ſhow
Your ground is, like your Neighbour-Nation, low:
T'intrench in what you grant unrighteous Laws,
Is to diſtruſt the juſtice of your Cauſe;
And argues that the true Religion lies
In thoſe weak Adverſaries you deſpiſe.
Tyrannick force is that which leaſt you fear,
The ſound is frightful in a Chriſtians ear;
Avert it, Heav'n; nor let that plague be ſent
To us from the diſpeopled Continent.
But pity commands me to refrain;
Thoſe Pray'rs are needleſs in this Monarch's Reign.

Behold! how he protects your Friends oppreſt,
Receives the Baniſh'd, ſuccours the diſtreſs'd:
Behold, for you may read an honeſt open Breaſt.
He ſtands in Day-light, and diſdains to hide
An Act to which, by Honour he is ty'd
A generous, laudable, and Kingly Pride.
Your Teſt he would repeal, his Peers reſtore,
This when he ſays he means, he means no more.
Well ſaid the *Panther*, I believe him juſt,
And yet———
And yet, 'Tis but becauſe you muſt,
You would be truſted, but you would not truſt.
The *Hind* thus briefly, and diſdain'd t' inlarge
On Pow'r of *Kings*, and their Superiour charge,
As Heav'ns Truſtees before the Peoples choice:
Tho' ſure the *Panther* did not much rejoyce
To hear thoſe *Echo*'s giv'n of her once Loyal voice.
The *Matron* woo'd her kindneſs to the laſt,
But cou'd not win; her hour of Grace was paſt.
Whom thus perſiſting when ſhe could not bring
To leave the *Woolf*, and to believe her King,
She gave Her up, and fairly wiſh'd her joy
Of her late Treaty with her new Ally:
Which well ſhe hop'd wou'd more ſucceſsful prove,
Than was the *Pigeons*, and the *Buzzards* love.
The *Panther* ask'd, what concord there cou'd be
Betwixt two kinds whoſe Natures diſagree?
The *Dame* reply'd, 'Tis ſung in ev'ry ſtreet,
The common chat of Goſſips when they meet.
But, ſince unheard by you, 'tis worth your while
To take a wholeſome Tale, tho' told in homely ſtile.
A plain good man, whoſe name is underſtood,
(So few deſerve the name of plain and good)
Of three fair lineal Lordſhips ſtood poſſeſs'd,
And liv'd as reaſon was, upon the beſt;
Inur'd to hardſhips from his early Youth,
Much had he done, and ſuffer'd for his truth:
At Land and Sea, in many a doubtful Fight,
Was never known a more adven'trous Knight,
Who oftner drew his Sword, and always for the right.
As fortune wou'd (his fortune came tho' late)
He took Poſſeſſion of his juſt Eſtate;

Nor

Nor rack'd his Tenants with increaſe of rent,
Nor liv'd too ſparing, nor too largely ſpent;
But overlook'd his *Hinds*, their pay was juſt,
And ready, for he ſcorn'd to go on truſt:
Slow to reſolve, but in performance quick;
So true, that he was awkard at a trick.
For little Souls on little ſhifts rely,
And coward Arts of mean expedients try:
The noble Mind will dare do any thing but lye.
Falſe Friends, (his deadlieſt foes,) could find no way
But ſhows of honeſt bluntneſs to betray;
That unſuſpected plainess he believ'd,
He look'd into himſelf, and was deceiv'd.
Some lucky planet ſure attends his Birth,
Or Heav'n wou'd make a miracle on earth;
For proſp'rous Honeſty is ſeldom ſeen:
To bear ſo dead a weight, and yet to win.
It looks as Fate with Nature's Law would ſtrive,
To ſhew plain dealing once an age may thrive:
And, when ſo tough a frame ſhe could not bend,
Exceeded her Commiſſion to befriend.

This grateful man, as Heav'n encreas'd his Store,
Gave *God* again, and daily fed his Poor;
His houſe with all convenience was purvey'd,
The reſt he found, but rais'd the Fabrick where he pray'd;
And in that ſacred place, his beauteous wife
Employ'd her happieſt hours of Holy life.

Nor did their Alms extend to thoſe alone
Whom common Faith more ſtrictly made their own,
A ſort of *Doves* were hous'd too near their Hall,
Who croſs the Proverb, and abound with Gall.
Tho' ſome 'tis true, are paſſively inclin'd,
The greater part degenerate from their kind:
Voracious Birds, that hotly Bill and breed,
And largely drink, becauſe on ſalt they feed.
Small Gain from them their Bounteous Owner draws;
Yet, bound by promiſe, he ſupports their Cauſe,
As Corporations priviledg'd by Laws.
That Houſe which harbour to their kind affords
Was built, long ſince, God knows, for better Birds;

But

But flutt'ring thers they neſtle near the throne,
And lodge in habitations not their own,
By their high Crops, and Corny Gizzards known.
Like *Harpy*'s they could ſcent a plenteous board,
Then to be ſure they never fail'd their Lord.
The reſt was form, and bare attendance paid,
They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd.
The more they fed, they raven'd ſtill for more,
They drain'd from *Dan*, and left *Beerſheba* poor;
All this they had by Law, and none repin'd,
The pref'rence was but due to *Levi*'s Kind.
But when ſome Lay-preferment fell by chance
The Gourmands made it their Inheritance.
When once poſſeſs'd, they never quit their claim,
For then 'tis ſanctified to heav'ns high name;
And hallow'd thus, they cannot give conſent,
The gift ſhould be profan'd by worldly management.
Their fleſh was never to the table ſerv'd,
Tho 'tis not thence inferr'd the Birds were ſtarv'd;
But that their Maſter did not like the Food,
As rank, and breeding melancholy blood.
Nor did it with his gracious nature ſuit,
Ev'n tho they were not Doves, to perſecute:
Yet he refus'd, (nor could they take offence)
Their glutton kind ſhould teach him abſtinence.
Nor conſecrated grain their wheat he thought,
Which new from treading in their Bills they brought:
But left his *Hinds* each in his private pow'r,
That thoſe who like the bran might leave the flow'r.
He for himſelf, and not for others choſe,
Nor would he be impos'd on, nor impoſe;
But in their faces his devotion paid,
And ſacrifice with ſolemn Rites was made
And ſacred Incenſe on his Altars laid.
Beſides theſe jolly birds whoſe crops impure,
Repaid their commons with their ſalt manure;
Another Farm he had behind his houſe,
Not overſtockt, but barely for his uſe;
Wherein his poor domeſtick poultry fed,
And from his pious hands receiv'd their bread.
Our pamper'd pidgeons with malignant eyes,
Beheld theſe inmates, and their nurſeries:

Tho

Tho hard their fare, at Ev'ning, and at Morn
A Cruiſe of Water and an Ear of Corn;
Yet ſtill they grudg'd that *Modicum* and thought
A Sheaf in ev'ry ſingle Grain was brought;
Fain would they filch that little Food away,
While unreſtrain'd thoſe happy Gluttons prey,
And much they griev'd to ſee ſo nigh their Hall,
The Bird that warn'd St. *Peter* of his Fall;
That he ſhould raiſe his miter'd Creſt on high,
And clap his Wings, and call his Family
To Sacred Rites; and vex th' Etherial Pow'rs
With midnight Mattins at uncivil Hours:
Nay more, his quiet Neighbours ſhould moleſt,
Juſt in the ſweetneſs of their Morning reſt.
Beaſt of a Bird, ſupinely when he might
Lye ſnugg and ſleep, to riſe before the light:
What if his dull Forefathers us'd that cry,
Cou'd he not let a Bad Example dye?
The World was fall'n into an eaſier way,
This Age knew better, than to faſt and pray.
Good Senſe in ſacred Worſhip would appear
So to begin, as they might end the year.
Such feats in former times had wrought the falls
Of crowing Chanticleers in Cloyſter'd Walls.
Expell'd for this, and for their Lands they fled,
And Siſter *Partlet* with her hooded head
Was hooted hence, becauſe ſhe would not pray a-bed.
The way to win the reſtiff world to God,
Was to lay by the Diſciplining Rod,
Unnaturall Faſts, and Foreign Forms of Pray'r;
Religion frights us with a meen ſevere.
'Tis prudence to reform her into eaſe,
And put her in undreſs to make her pleas:
A lively Faith will bear aloft the mind,
And leave the luggage of good works behind.

Such doctrines in the pidgeon-houſe were taught,
You need not ask how wondrouſly they wrought;
But ſure the common cry was all for theſe
Whoſe life, and precept both encourag'd eaſe.
Yet fearing thoſe alluring Baits might fail,
And holy deeds o're all their arts prevail;

For

(For vice, tho frontleſs, and of harden'd Face
Is daunted at the ſight of awfull Grace)
An hideous Figure of their Foes they drew,
Nor Lines, nor Looks, nor Shades, nor Colours true;
And this Groteſque deſign, expos'd to Publick veiw.
One would have thought it an Ægyptian Piece,
With Garden-Gods, and barking Deities
More thick than *Ptolomey* has ſtuck the Skies.
All ſo preverſe a Draught, ſo far unlike,
It was no Libell where it meant to ſtrike:
Yet ſtill the daubing pleas'd, and Great and Small
To veiw the Monſter crowded Pidgeon-hall.
There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees
Adoring Shrines, and Stocks of ſainted Trees,
And by him, a miſ-ſhapen, ugly Race;
The curſe of God was ſeen on ev'ry Face:
No *Holland* Emblem could that Malice mend,
But ſtill the worſe the look the fitter for a fiend.
The maſter of the Farm diſpleas'd to find
So much of rancour in ſo mild a kind,
Enquir'd into the cauſe, and came to know
The paſſive church had ſtruck the foremoſt blow:
With groundleſs fears and jealouſies poſſeſt,
As if this troubleſome intruding Gueſt
Would drive the birds of *Venus* from their neſt.
A deed his in-born equity abhorr'd, (word.
But int'reſt will not truſt, though God ſhould plight his
A Law, the ſource of many future harms,
Had baniſh'd all the poultry from the farms;
With loſs of life, if any ſhould be found
To crow or peck on this forbidden ground.
That bloudy Statute chiefly was deſign'd
For *Chanticleer* the white, of Clergy kind;
But after-malice did not long forget
The Lay that wore the Robe, and Coronet;
For them, for their Inferiors and Allies,
Their foes a deadly *Shibboleth* deviſe:
By which unrighteouſly it was decreed,
That none to truſt, or profit ſhould ſucceed,
Who would not ſwallow firſt a poyſonous wicked weed,
Or that, to which old *Socrates* was curſt,
Or henbane-juice to ſwell 'em till they burſt.

The

The Patron (as in reaſon) thought it hard
To ſee this inquiſition in his Yard,
By which the Soveraign was of Subjects uſe debarr'd.
All gentle means he try'd, which might withdraw
Th' Effects of ſo unnatural a Law:
But ſtill the Dove-houſe obſtinately ſtood
Deaf to their own, and to their Neighbours good:
And which was worſe, (if any worſe could be)
Repented of their boaſted Loyalty:
Now made the Champions of a cruel cauſe,
And drunk with fumes of popular Applauſe;
For thoſe whom God to ruine has deſign'd,
He fits for fate, and firſt deſtroys their mind.
New doubts indeed they dayly ſtrove to raiſe,
Suggeſted dangers, interpos'd Delays,
And emiſſary Pigeons had in ſtore,
Such as the *Meccan* Prophet us'd of yore,
To whiſper Counſels in their Patrons ear,
And veil'd their falſe advice with zealous fear.
The Maſter ſmil'd to ſee 'em work in vain,
To wear him out, and make an idle reign,
He ſaw, but ſuffer'd their Protractive arts,
And ſtrove by mildneſs to reduce their hearts;
But they abus'd that Grace to make Allyes,
And fondly clos'd with former Enemies;
For Fools are double Fools endeav'ring to be wiſe.
After a grave Conſult what courſe were beſt,
One more mature in folly than the reſt,
Stood up and told 'em, with his head aſide,
That deſp'rate Cures muſt be to deſp'rate Ills apply'd:
And therefore ſince their main impending fear
Was from th' encreaſing race of *Chanticleer*:
Some potent bird of prey they ought to find,
A foe profeſs'd to him, and all his kind:
Some haggar'd *Hawk*, who had her eyry nigh,
Well pounc'd to faſten, and well wing'd to fly;
One they might truſt, their common wrongs to wreak:
The *Muſquet*, and the *Coyſtrel* were too weak,
Too fierce the *Falcon*, but above the reſt,
The noble *Buzzard* ever pleas'd me beſt;
Of ſmall renown, 'tis true, for not to lye,
We call him but a *Hawk* by courteſie.

I know he haunts the *Pigeon*-Houſe and Farm,
And more, in time of War, has done us harm;
But all his hate on trivial points depends,
Give up our Forms, and we ſhall ſoon be friends.
For *Pigeons* fleſh he ſeems not much to care,
Cram'd *Chickens* are a more delicious fare;
On this high Potentate, without delay,
I wiſh you would conferr the Sovereign ſway:
petition him t' accept the Government,
And let a ſplendid Embaſſy be ſent.
This pithy ſpeech prevail'd and all agreed
Old Enmity's forgot, the *Buzzard* ſhould ſucceed.
Their welcom ſuit was granted ſoon as heard,
His lodgings furniſh'd, and a train prepar'd,
With *B's* upon their Breaſt, appointed for his Guard.
He came, and Crown'd with great Solemnity,
God ſave King *Buzzard*, was the gen'ral cry.
A portly Prince, and goodly to the ſight,
He ſeem'd a ſon of *Anach* for his height:
Like thoſe whom ſtature did to Crowns prefer;
Black-brow'd, and bluff, like *Homer's Jupiter*:
Broad-back'd, and brawny built for loves delight,
A prophet form'd, to make a female proſelyte.
A Theologue more by need, then nat'ral bent,
By breeding ſharp, by nation confident.
Int'reſt in all his actions was diſcern'd;
More learn'd than honeſt, more a wit than learn'd.
Or forc'd by fear, or by his profit led,
Or both, his own unhappy clyme he fled;
But brought the vertues of his Heav'n along,
A fair behaviour, and a flatt'ring tongue:
And yet with all his Arts he could not thrive;
The moſt unlucky Paraſite alive.
Loud praiſes to prepare his paths he ſent,
And then himſelf purſu'd his Compliment:
But, by reverſe of Fortune chac'd away,
His gifts no longer than their author ſtay:
He ſhakes the duſt againſt th' ungrateful race,
And leaves the ſtench of Ordures in the place.
Oft has he flatter'd, and blaſphem'd the ſame,
For in his rage, he ſpares no Sov'rains name:

The Hero, and the Tyrant change their ſtyle
By the ſame meaſure that they frown or ſmile;
When well receiv'd by hoſpitable Foes,
The kindneſs he returns, is to expoſe:
For Courteſies, tho' undeſerv'd and great,
No gratitude in Fellon-minds beget,
As tribute to his wit, the churl receives the treat.
His praiſe of Foes is venemouſly Nice,
So touch'd, it turns a Vertue to a Vice:
A Greek, *and bountiful forewarns us twice:*
Sev'n Sacraments he wiſely do's diſown,
Becauſe he knows Confeſſion ſtands for one;
Where Sins to ſacred ſilence are convey'd,
And not for Fear, or Love, to be betray'd:
But he uncall'd, his Patron to controul,
Divulg'd the ſecret whiſpers of his Soul:
Stood forth th' accuſing Sathan of his Crimes,
And offer'd to the *Moloch* of the Times.
Prompt to aſſayle, and careleſs of defence,
Invulnerable in his Impudence;
He dares the world, and eager of a name,
He thruſts about, and juſtles into fame.
Frontleſs, and Satyr-proof he ſcow'rs the ſtreets,
And runs an *Indian* Muck at all he meets.
So fond of loud Report, that not to miſs
Of being known (his laſt and utmoſt bliſs)
He rather would be known for what he is.
Such was, and is the Captain of the teſt,
Tho' half his Vertues are not here expreſs'd;
The modeſty of Fame conceals the reſt.
The ſpleenful *Pigeons* never could create
A Prince more proper to revenge their hate:
Indeed, more proper to revenge, than ſave;
A King, whom in his wrath, th' Almighty gave:
For all the Grace the Landlord had allow'd,
But made the *Buzzard* and the *Pigeons* proud;
Gave time to fix their Friends, and to ſeduce the Crowd.
They long their Fellow-Subjects to inthrall,
Their Patrons promiſe into queſtion call,
And vainly think he meant to make 'em Lords of all.
False Fears their Leaders fail'd not to ſuggeſt,
As if the *Doves* were to be diſpoſſeſs'd;

Nor Sighs, nor Groanes, nor Gogling Eyes did want;
For now the *Pigeons* too had learn'd to Cant.
The Houſe of Pray'r is ſtock'd with large encreaſe;
Nor Doors, nor Windows can contain the Preſs:
For Birds of ev'ry feather fill th' abode;
Ev'n Atheiſts out of envy own a God:
And reeking from the Stews, Adult'rers come,
Like *Goths* and *Vandals* to demoliſh *Rome*.
That Conſcience which to all their Crimes was mute,
Now calls aloud, and cryes to perſecute.
No Rigour of the Laws to be releas'd,
And much the leſs, becauſe it was their Lords requeſt:
They thought it great their Sov'rain to controul,
And nam'd their Pride, Nobility of Soul.

'Tis true, the *Pigeons*, and their Prince Elect
Were ſhort of Pow'r their purpoſe to effect:
But with their Quills, did all the hurt they cou'd,
And cuff'd the tender *Chickens* from their food:
And much the *Buzzard* in their cauſe did ſtir,
Tho' naming not the Patron, to infer
With all reſpect, He was a groſs Idolater.

But when th' Imperial owner did eſpy
That thus they turn'd his Grace to villany,
Not ſuff'ring wrath to diſcompoſe his mind,
He ſtrove a temper for th' extreams to find,
So to be juſt, as he might ſtill be kind.
Then, all Maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a Doom
Of Sacred Srrength for ev'ry Age to come.
By this the Doves their Wealth and State poſſeſs,
No Rights infring'd, but licence to oppreſs:
Such Pow'r have they as Factious Lawyers long
To Crowns aſcrib'd, That Kings can do no wrong.
But, ſince His own Domeſtick Birds have try'd
The dire Effects of their deſtructive pride,
He deemes that proof a Meaſure to the reſt,
Concluding well within his Kingly Breaſt,
His Fowl of Nature too unjuſtly were oppreſt.
He therefore makes all Birds of Ev'ry Sect
Free of his Farm, with promiſe to reſpect
Their ſev'ral Kinds alike, and equally protect.

His

His gracious Edict the ſame Franchiſe yields
To all the wild encreaſe of woods and fields,
And who in rocks aloof, and who in ſteeples builds.
To *Crows* the like impartial grace affords,
And *Choughs* and *Daws*, and ſuch republick birds.
Secur'd with ample priviledge to feed,
Each has his diſtrict and his bounds decreed:
Combin'd in common int'reſt with his own,
But not to paſs the Pidgeons *Rubicon*.
Here ends the Reign of this pretended Dove;
All prophecies accompliſh'd from above,
For *Shiloh* comes the Scepter to remove.
Reduc'd from her imperial high abode,
Like *Dionyſius* to a private Rod:
The paſſive church, that with pretended grace
Did her diſtinctive mark in duty place,
Now touch'd, reviles her maker to his face.
What after happen'd is not hard to gueſs;
The ſmall beginnings had a large encreaſe,
And arts and wealth ſucceed (the ſecret ſpoils of peace.
'Tis ſaid the Doves repented, tho too late,
Become the Smiths of their own foolish fate:
Nor did their owner haſten their ill hour:
But, ſunk in credit, they decreas'd in pow'r:
Like ſnows in warmth that mildly paſs away,
Diſſolving in the ſilence of decay.
The *Buzzard* not content with equal place,
Invites the feather'd *Nimrods* of his race,
To hide the thinneſs of the flock from ſight,
And all together make a ſeeming, goodly flight:
But each have ſep'rate int'reſts of their own,
Two *Czars*, are one too many for a throne.
Nor can th'Uſurper long abſtain from food,
Already he has taſted pidgeons blood:
And may be tempted to his former fare,
When this indulgent Lord ſhall late to heav'n repair.
Bare benting times, and moulting months may come,
When lagging late, they cannot reach their home:
Or rent in Schiſm, (for ſo their fate decrees,)
Like the tumultuous Colledge of the Bees;
They fight their Quarrel, by themſelves oppreſt,
The tyrant ſmiles below, and waits the falling feaſt.

Thu

Thus did the gentle *Hind* her fable end,
Nor would the *Panther* blame it, nor commend;
But, with affected yawnings at the close,
Seem'd to require her natural repose
For now the streaky light began to peep;
And setting Stars admonish'd both to sleep.
The Dame withdrew, and wishing to her Guest
The peace of heav'n, betook her self to rest.
Ten thousand Angels on her slumbers wait
With glorious visions of her future state.

FINIS.

106370